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THE TRUE STORY OF LADY BYRON'S LIFE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

[Many readers of the *Diary* of the late Mr. Crabb Robinson must have been much struck by a letter from Lady Byron, there printed for the first time (vol. iii. p. 435). The tone of deep affection, and almost divine charity, in which she speaks of her husband, must have come with startling effect on those who knew her only through the representations of "Don Juan," and Mr. Moore's "Life of Lord Byron."

The following paper, from the pen of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, on Lady Byron's life and relations to Lord Byron, is the first complete and authentic statement of the whole circumstances of that disastrous affair which has been given to the world. Painful and appalling as are the details, the time is come when they can no longer be concealed. This paper is, in fact, Lady Byron's own statement of the reasons which forced her to the separation which she so long resisted, and on which, out of regard for her husband and child, she maintained so religious a silence up to the day of her death. Evidence at once so new and so direct cannot but materially alter the whole complexion of this most painful question; and all former judgments, being based on insufficient data, must of necessity be henceforward invalidated or superseded. A perusal of the facts here given for the first time will leave little doubt in the reader's mind both that Lady Byron's separation was the only course open to her, and that the motives for her persistent silence were of the same kind which governed her long life of active and noble beneficence. The intense faithfulness and love to her husband which survived private wrongs of the deepest kind, the continued attacks of Lord Byron himself, and a long course of public vituperation, were only a consistent part of her whole nature and life.

Towards so pure and lofty a character, *compassion* would be out of place; but *justice* may be rendered, even after this lapse of time; and it is peculiarly gratifying to the Editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* that it should be rendered through these columns.]

THE reading world has lately been presented with a book, which we are informed by the trade sells rapidly, and appears to meet with universal favour.

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The subject of the book may be thus briefly stated. The mistress of Lord Byron comes before the world for the sake of vindicating his fame from slan-

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ders and aspersions cast on him by his wife. The story of the mistress *versus* wife may be briefly summed up as follows :

Lord Byron, the hero of the story, is represented as a human being endowed with every natural charm, gift, and grace, who by the one false step of an unsuitable marriage wrecked his whole life. A narrow-minded, cold-hearted precisian, without sufficient intellect to comprehend his genius, or heart to feel for his temptations, formed with him one of those mere worldly marriages, common in high life, and finding that she could not reduce him to the mathematical proprieties and conventional rules of her own mode of life, suddenly and without warning abandoned him in the most cruel and inexplicable manner.

It is alleged that she parted from him in apparent affection and good-humour, wrote him a playful, confiding letter upon the way, but, after reaching her father's house, suddenly and without explanation announced to him that she would never see him again ; that this sudden abandonment drew down upon him a perfect storm of scandalous stories, which his wife never contradicted, never in any way or shape stating what the exact reasons for her departure had been, and thus silently and quietly giving scope to all the malice of thousands of enemies. The sensitive victim was actually thus driven from England, his home broken up, and he doomed to be a lonely wanderer on foreign shores.

In Italy, under bluer skies, and among a gentler people, with more tolerant modes of judgment, the authoress intimates that he found peace and consolation. A lovely young Italian countess falls in love with him, and leaving all family ties for his sake, devotes herself to him, and in blissful retirement with her he finds at last that domestic life for which he was so fitted.

Soothed, calmed, and refreshed, he writes "Don Juan," which the world is at this late hour informed was a poem

with a high moral purpose, designed to be a practical illustration of the doctrine of total depravity among young gentlemen in high life.

Under the elevating influence of love he rises at last to higher realms of moral excellence, and resolves to devote the rest of his life to some noble and heroic purpose, becomes the saviour of Greece, and dies untimely, leaving a nation to mourn his loss.

The authoress dwells with a peculiar bitterness on Lady Byron's entire *silence* during all these years, as the most aggravated form of persecution and injury. She informs the world that Lord Byron wrote his autobiography with the purpose of giving a fair statement of the exact truth in the whole matter, and that Lady Byron bought up the manuscript of the publisher, and insisted on its being destroyed unread, thus inflexibly, even after death, depriving her husband of his last chance of a hearing before the tribunal of the public.

As a result of this silent, persistent cruelty of a cold, correct, narrow-minded woman, the character of Lord Byron has been misunderstood, and his name transmitted to after ages clouded with aspersions and accusations which it is the object of this book to remove.

Such is the story of Lord Byron's mistress ; a story which is going through England and America, rousing up new sympathy with the poet, and doing its best to bring the youth of our day once more under the power of that brilliant, seductive genius from which it was hoped they had escaped. Already we are seeing it revamped in magazine articles which take up the slanders of the paramour, and enlarge on them, and wax eloquent in denunciation of the marble-hearted, insensible wife.

All this while it does not appear to occur to the thousands of unreflecting readers that they are listening merely to the story of Lord Byron's mistress and of Lord Byron, and that even by their own showing the heaviest accusation against Lady Byron is that *she has not spoken at all* ; her story has never been told.

For many years after the rupture between Lord Byron and his wife, that poet's personality, fate, and happiness occupied a place in the interests of the civilized world, which we will venture to say was unparalleled. It is within the writer's personal recollection how, in the obscure mountain town where she spent her early days, Lord Byron's separation from his wife was for a season the all-engrossing topic.

She remembers hearing her father recount at the breakfast-table the facts as they were given in the public papers, together with his own suppositions and theories of the causes.

Lord Byron's "Fare thee well," addressed to Lady Byron, was set to music and sung with tears by young school-girls, even in distant America.

Madame de Staël said of this appeal, that she was sure it would have drawn her at once to his heart and his arms: she could have forgiven everything; and so said all the young ladies all over the world, not only in England, but in France and Germany, where he appeared in translation.

Lady Byron's obdurate cold-heartedness in refusing even to listen to his prayers, or to have any intercourse with him which might lead to reconciliation, was the one point conceded on all sides.

The stricter moralists defended her, but gentler hearts throughout all the world regarded her as a marble-hearted monster of correctness and morality, a personification of the Law, unmitigated by the Gospel.

Literature in its highest walks busied itself with Lady Byron. Wilson, in the character of the Ettrick Shepherd, devotes several eloquent pages to expatiating on the conjugal fidelity of a poor Highland shepherd's wife, who by patience and prayer and forgiveness succeeds in reclaiming her drunken husband and making a good man of him; and then points his moral by contrasting with this touching picture the cold-hearted pharisaical correctness of Lady Byron.

Moore, in his "Memoirs of Lord Byron," when beginning the recital of the series of disgraceful amours which formed the staple of his life in Venice, has this passage:—

"Highly censurable in point of morality and decorum as was his course of life while under the roof of Madame Segati, it was (with pain I am forced to confess) venial in comparison with the strange, headlong career of licence to which, when weaned from that connexion, he so unrestrainedly and, it may be added, defyingly abandoned himself. Of the state of his mind on leaving England, I have already endeavoured to give some idea; and among the feelings that went to make up that self-centred spirit of resistance which he then opposed to his fate, was an indignant scorn for his own countrymen for the wrongs he thought they had done him. For a time the kindly sentiments which he still harboured toward Lady Byron, and a sort of vague hope perhaps that all would yet come right again, kept his mind in a mood somewhat more softened and docile, as well as sufficiently under the influence of English opinion to prevent his breaking out into open rebellion against it, as he unluckily did afterward.

"By the failure of the attempted mediation with Lady Byron, his last link with home was severed; while, notwithstanding the quiet and unobtrusive life which he led at Geneva, there was as yet, he found, no cessation of the slanderous warfare against his character; the same busy and misrepresenting spirit which tracked his steps at home, having, with no less malicious watchfulness, dogged him into exile."

We should like to know what the misrepresentations and slanders must have been, when this sort of thing is admitted in Mr. Moore's *justification*. It seems to us rather wonderful how anybody could misrepresent a life such as even his friend admits he was leading, unless it were a person like the Countess Guiccioli.

During all these years, when he was setting at defiance every principle of morality and decorum, the interest of the female mind all over Europe in the conversion of this brilliant prodigal son was unceasing, and reflects the greatest credit upon the faith of the sex.

Madame de Staël commenced the first effort at evangelization, immediately after he left England, and found

her catechumen in a most edifying state of humility. He was metaphorically on his knees in penitence, and confessed himself a miserable sinner in the loveliest manner possible. Such sweetness of grace and humility took all hearts. His conversations with Madame de Staël were printed and circulated all over the world, making it to appear that only the inflexibility of Lady Byron stood in the way of his entire conversion.

Passing by many others, Lady Blessington took him in hand five or six years afterwards, and was greatly delighted with his docility, and edified by his frank and free confessions of his miserable offences. Nothing now seemed wanting to bring the wanderer home to the fold, but a kind word from Lady Byron. But when the fair Countess offered to mediate, the poet only shook his head in tragic despair: "he had 'so many times tried in vain; Lady Byron's course had been from the first 'that of obdurate silence.'"

Any one who would wish to see a specimen of the skill of the honourable poet in mystification, will do well to read a letter to Lady Byron, which Lord Byron, on parting from Lady Blessington, inclosed for her to read just before he went to Greece. He says:—

"The letter which I inclose *I was prevented from sending, by my despair of its doing any good.* I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient.

"TO LADY BYRON, CARE OF THE HON.
MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.

"PISA, November 17, 1821.

"I have to acknowledge the receipt of Ada's hair, which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

"I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why;—I

believe that they are the only two or three words of your handwriting in my possession. For your letters I returned, and except the two words, or rather the one word 'Household,' written twice in an old account-book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons: firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

"I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her;—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

"The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

"I say all this, because I own to you that, notwithstanding everything, I considered our reunion as not impossible for more than a year after the separation;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and for ever. But this very impossibility of reunion seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connexions. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

"Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things, viz. that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I

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think, if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three.

"Yours ever,

"NOEL BYRON."

The artless Thomas Moore prefaces the introduction of this letter into the memoir by the remark :—

"Few of my readers, I think, will 'not agree with me in saying that if 'the author of the following letter had 'not *right* on his side, he had at least 'most of those good feelings which are 'found to accompany it."

The reader is requested to take notice of the important admission that *the letter was never sent to Lady Byron at all*. It was, in fact, never intended for her, but was a nice little dramatic performance, composed simply with the view of acting on the sympathies of Lady Blessington and his numerous female admirers; and the reader will agree with us, we think, that in this point of view it was very neatly put, and deserves immortality as a work of high art. Here had been six years, in which he had been plunging into every kind of vice and licence, pleading his shattered domestic joys, and his wife's obdurate heart, as the apology and the impelling cause; filling the air with his shrieks and complaints concerning the slanders which pursued him, while he filled letters to his confidential correspondents with records of new mistresses.

But while during all these years the silence of Lady Byron was unbroken, Lord Byron not only drew in private on the sympathies of his female admirers, but employed his talents and position as an author in holding her up to contempt and ridicule before thousands of readers. We shall quote at length the account of his side of the story, which he published in the first canto of "Don Juan," that the reader may see how much reason he had for assuming the abused moral tone which he did in the letter to Lady Byron which we have quoted. That letter never was sent to her, but the unmanly and indecent cari-

cature of her, the indelicate exposure of the whole story on his own side that we are about to quote, were the only communications that could have reached her solitude.

In the following verses, Lady Byron is represented as Donna Inez, and Lord Byron as Don José; but the incidents and allusions were so very pointed, that nobody for a moment doubted whose history he was purporting to narrate.

"His mother was a learned lady, famed

For every branch of every science known—

In every Christian language ever named,

With virtues equalled by her wit alone :

She made the cleverest people quite ashamed,

And even the good with inward envy

groan,

Finding themselves so very much exceeded

In their own way, by all the things that she

did.

Her favourite science was the mathematical,

Her noblest virtue was her magnanimity,

Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was

Attic all,

Her serious sayings darkened to sublimity;

In short, in all things she was fairly what

I call

A prodigy,—her morning-dress was dimity,

Her evening silk, or, in the summer, muslin

And other stuffs, with which I won't stay

puzzling.

Some women use their tongues,—she *looked*

a lecture,

Each eye a sermon, and her brow a homily,

An all-in-all sufficient self-director,

Like the lamented late Sir Samuel Romilly;

In short, she was a walking calculation—

Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from

their covers,

Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,

Or 'Coelebs' Wife' set out in quest of

lovers,

Morality's prim personification,

In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers,

To others' share let 'female errors fall,'

For she had not even one,—the worst of all.

Oh! she was perfect, past all parallel—

Of any modern female saint's comparison;

So far above the cunning powers of hell,

Her guardian angel had given up his

garrison;

Even her minutest motions went as well

As those of the best time-piece made by

Harrison :

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,

Save thine incomparable oil, 'Macassar!'

Perfect she was, but as perfection is
Insnipid in this naughty world of ours,—

Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,
Went plucking various fruit without her
leave.

He was a mortal of the careless kind,
With no great love for learning or the
learn'd,

Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,
And never dreamed his lady was con-
cerned;

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined
To see a kingdom or a house o'erturned,
Whispered he had a mistress, some said *two*,
But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,
A great opinion of her own good qualities;
Neglect indeed requires a saint to bear it,
And such indeed she was in her moralities;
But then she had a devil of a spirit,
And sometimes mixed up fancies with
realities,
And let few opportunities escape
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

This was an easy matter with a man
Off in the wrong, and never on his guard,
And even the wisest, do the best they can,
Have moments, hours, and days so un-
prepared,
That you might 'brain them with their
lady's fan';

And sometimes ladies hit exceeding hard,
And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,
And why and wherefore no one understands.

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed
With persons of no sort of education,
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and
bred,
Grow tired of scientific conversation;
I don't choose to say much upon this head:
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,
Inform us truly, have they not henpecked
you all?

Don José and the Donna Inez led
For some time an unhappy sort of life,
Wishing each other not divorced, but dead;
They lived respectably as man and wife,
Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,
And gave no outward signs of inward strife,
Until at length the smothered fire broke out,
And put the business past all kind of
doubt.

For Inez called some druggists and physi-
cians,
And tried to prove her loving lord was
mad;
But as he had some lucid intermissions,
She next decided he was only *bad*.

Yet when they asked her for her depositions,
No sort of explanation could be had,
Save that her duty both to man and God
Required this conduct—which seemed very
odd.

She kept a journal where his faults were
noted,
And opened certain trunks of books and
letters,

All which might, if occasion served, be quoted;
And then she had all Seville for abettors,
Besides her good old grandmother (who
doted);

The hearers of her case became repeaters,
Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,
Some for amusement, others for old grudges.

And then this best and meekest woman
bore

With such serenity her husband's woes;
Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,
Who saw their spouses killed, and nobly
chose

Never to say a word about them more—
Calmly she heard each calumny that rose,
And saw his agonies with such sublimity,
That all the world exclaimed, 'What mag-
nanimity!'

This is the longest and most elaborate
version of his own story that Byron
ever published; but he busied himself
with many others, projecting at one
time a Spanish romance, in which the
same story is related in the same
transparent manner; but this he was
dissuaded from publishing. The book-
sellers, however, made a good specula-
tion in publishing what they called
his domestic poems,—that is, poems
bearing more or less relation to this
subject.

Every person with whom he became
acquainted with any degree of intimacy
was made familiar with his side of the
story. Moore's biography is, from first
to last, in its representations, founded
upon Byron's communicativeness and
Lady Byron's silence; and the world
at last settled down to believing that
the account so often repeated and never
contradicted must be substantially a
true one.

This whole history of Lord and Lady
Byron in its reality has long been per-
fectly understood in many circles in
England, but the facts were of a nature
that could not be told. While there

was a young daughter living, whose future might be prejudiced by its recital, and while there were other persons on whom the disclosure of the real truth would have been crushing as an avalanche, Lady Byron's only course was the perfect silence in which she took refuge, and those sublime works of charity and mercy to which she consecrated her blighted earthly hopes.

But the time is now come when the truth may be told. Every actor in the scene has passed from the stage of mortal existence, and passed, let us have faith to hope, into a world where they would desire to expiate their faults by a late publication of the truth.

No person in England, we think, would as yet take the responsibility of relating the true history which is to clear Lady Byron's memory. But, by a singular concurrence of circumstances, all the facts of the case, in the most undeniable and authentic form, were at one time placed in the hands of the writer of this sketch, leaving to her judgment the use which should be made of them. Had this melancholy history been allowed to sleep, no public use would have been made of this knowledge, but the appearance of a popular attack on the character of Lady Byron calls for a vindication, and the true history of her married life will, therefore, now be related.

Lord Byron has described, in one of his letters, the impression made upon his mind by a young person whom he met one evening in society, who attracted his attention by the simplicity of her dress, and a certain singular air of purity and calmness with which she surveyed the scene around her.

On inquiry, he was told that this young person was Miss Millbank, an only child, and one of the largest heiresses in England.

Lord Byron was fond of idealizing his experiences in poetry, and the friends of Lady Byron had no difficulty in recognising the portrait of Lady Byron as she appeared at this time of

her life, in his exquisite description of Aurora Raby.

"There was
Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,
Of the best class, and better than her
class,—
Aurora Raby, a young star who shone
O'er life, too sweet an image for such
glass,
A lovely being scarcely formed or moulded,
A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded.

* * * * *
Early in years, and yet more infantine
In figure, she had something of sublime
In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs shine.
All youth but with an aspect beyond time;
Radiant and grave, as pitying man's decline;
Mournful, but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door,
And grieved for those who could return no
more.

* * * * *
She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,
As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,
As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,
And kept her heart serene within its zone.
There was awe in the homage which she
drew;
Her spirit seemed as seated on a throne,
Apart from the surrounding world, and
strong
In its own strength—most strange in one
so young!

Something of the course which their acquaintance took, and of the manner in which he was piqued into thinking of her, are given in a verse or two:

"The dashing and proud air of Adeline
Imposed not upon her: she saw her blaze
Much as she would have seen a glow-worm
shine,
Then turned unto the stars for loftier rays.
Juan was something she could not divine,
Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,
Because she did not pin her faith on feature.

His fame, too, for he had that kind of fame
Which sometimes plays the deuce with
womankind,
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,
Half virtues and whole vices being com-
bined;
Faults which attract because they are not
tame;
Follies tricked out so brightly that they
blind:—
These seals upon her wax made no impres-
sion,
Such was her coldness or her self-possession.

Aurora sat with that indifference
Which piques a *preux chevalier*,—as it
ought :

Of all offences that's the worst offence,
Which seems to hint you are not worth a
thought.

* * * * *

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,
Or something which was nothing, as
urbanity

Required. Aurora scarcely looked aside,
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.
The devil was in the girl! Could it be
pride!

Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?

* * * * *

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,
Slight, but select, and just enough to
express,

To females of perspicuous comprehensions,
That he would rather make them more
than less.

Aurora at the last (so history mentions,
Though probably much less a fact than
guess)

So far relaxed her thoughts from their sweet
prison,

As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

* * * * *

But Juan had a sort of winning way,
A proud humility, if such there be,
Which showed such deference to what
females say,

As if each charming word were a decree.
His tact, too, tempered him from grave to
gay,

And taught him when to be reserved or
free :

He had the art of drawing people out,
Without their seeing what he was about.

Aurora—who, in her indifference,
Confounded him in common with the
crowd

Of flatterers, though she deemed he had
more sense

Than whispering foplings, or than witlings
loud—

Commenced (from such slight things will
great commence)

To feel that flattery which attracts the
proud,

Rather by deference than compliment,
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

And then he had good looks;—that point
was carried

Nem. con. amongst the women, . . .

* * * * *

Now though we know of old that looks
deceive,

And always have done somehow, these good
looks

Make more impression than the best of
books.

Aurora, who looked more on books than
faces,

Was very young, although so very sage,
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,
Especially upon a printed page.

But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,
Has not the natural stays of strict old age;
And Socrates, that model of all duty,
Owned to a penchant, though discreet, for
beauty."

The presence of this high-minded,
thoughtful, unworldly woman is de-
scribed through two cantos of the wild,
rattling "*Don Juan*," in a manner that
shows how deeply the poet was capable
of being affected by such an appeal to
his higher nature.

For instance, when *Don Juan* sits
silent and thoughtful, amid a circle who
are talking scandal, he says:—

"'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though
She approved his silence; she perhaps
mistook

Its motive for that charity we owe,
But seldom pay, the absent; . . .

* * * * *

He gained esteem where it was worth the
most;

And certainly Aurora had renewed
In him some feelings he had lately lost
Or hardened; feelings which, perhaps ideal,
Are so divine that I must deem them real:—

The love of higher things and better days;
The unbounded hope, and heavenly igno-
rance

Of what is called the world, and the world's
ways;

The moments when we gather from a
glance

More joy than from all future pride or praise,
Which kindled manhood, but can ne'er
entrance

The heart in an existence of its own,
Of which another's bosom is the zone.

* * * * *

And full of sentiments sublime as billows
Heaving between this world and worlds
beyond,

Don Juan, when the midnight hour of pillows
Arrived, retired to his; . . ."

In all these descriptions of a spiritual,
unworldly nature, acting on the spi-
ritual and unworldly part of his own
nature, every one who ever knew Lady
Byron intimately must have seen the
model from whom he drew, and the ex-
perience from which he spoke, even

although nothing was further from his mind than to pay this tribute to the woman he had injured; and right alongside of these lines, which showed how truly he knew her real character, comes one verse of ribald, vulgar caricature, designed as a slight to her:—

"There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,
That usual paragon, an only daughter,
Who seemed the cream of equanimity
Till skimmed,—and then there was some
milk and water,
With a slight shade of blue too, it might be
Beneath the surface; but what did it
matter?
Love's riotous, but marriage should have
quiet,
And, being consumptive, live on a milk
diet."

The result of this intimacy with Miss Millbank, and this enkindling of his nobler feelings, was an offer of marriage, which she, though at the time deeply interested in him, declined with many expressions of friendship and interest. In fact, she already loved him, but had that doubt of her power to be to him all that a wife should be, which would be likely to arise in a mind so sensitively constituted and so unworldly. They, however, continued a correspondence as friends; on her part the interest continually increased, on his the transient rise of better feelings was choked and overgrown by the thorns of base, unworthy passions.

From the height which might have made him happy as the husband of a noble woman, he fell into the depths of a secret, adulterous intrigue with a blood relation, so near in consanguinity that discovery must have been utter ruin and expulsion from civilized society.

From henceforth this damning, guilty secret became the ruling force in his life, holding him with a morbid fascination, yet filling him with remorse and anguish, and insane dread of detection. Two years after his refusal by Miss Millbank, his various friends, seeing that for some cause he was wretched, pressed a marriage upon him.

Marriage has often been represented

as the proper goal and terminus of a wild and dissipated career, and it has been supposed to be the appointed mission of good women to receive wandering prodigals, with all the rags and disgraces of their old life upon them, and put rings on their hands and shoes on their feet, and introduce them, clothed and in their right mind, to an honourable career in society.

Marriage was therefore universally recommended and pressed upon Lord Byron by his numerous friends and well-wishers, and so he determined to marry, and, in an hour of reckless desperation, sat down and wrote proposals to one or two ladies. One was declined. The other, which was accepted, was to Miss Millbank. The world knows well that he had the gift of expression; and those who know his powers in this way will not be surprised that he wrote a very beautiful letter, and that the woman who had already learned to love him, fell at once into the snare.

Her answer was a frank, outspoken avowal of her love for him, giving herself to him heart and hand. The good in Lord Byron was not so utterly obliterated that he could receive such a letter without emotion, or practise such unfairness on a loving, trusting heart, without pangs of remorse. He had sent the letter in mere recklessness; he had not really, seriously expected to be accepted, and the discovery of the treasure of affection which he had secured was like a vision of a lost heaven to a soul in hell.

But, nevertheless, in his letters written about the engagement, there are sufficient evidences that his self-love was flattered at the preference accorded him by so superior a woman, and one who had been so much sought. He mentions, with an air of complacency, that she had employed the last two years in refusing five or six of his acquaintance; that he had no idea she loved him, admitting that it was an old attachment on his part; he dwells on her virtues with a sort of pride of ownership. There is a sort of childish levity about

the frankness of these letters very characteristic of the man who skimmed over the deepest abysses with the lightest jests. Before the world, and to his intimates, he was acting the part of the successful *fiancé*, conscious all the while of the deadly secret that lay cold at the bottom of his heart.

When he went to visit Miss Millbank's parents, as her accepted lover, she was struck with his manner and appearance; she saw him moody and gloomy, evidently wrestling with dark and desperate thoughts, and anything but what a happy and accepted lover should be. She sought an interview with him alone, and told him that she had observed that he was not happy in the engagement, and magnanimously added, that if, on review, he found he had been mistaken in the nature of his feelings, she would immediately release him, and they should remain only friends.

Overcome with the conflict of his feelings, Lord Byron fainted away. Miss Millbank was convinced that his heart must really be deeply involved in an attachment with reference to which he showed such strength of emotion, and she spoke no more of a dissolution of the engagement.

There is no reason to doubt that Byron was, as he relates in his "Dream," profoundly agonized and agitated, when he stood before God's altar, with the trusting young creature whom he was leading to a fate so awfully tragic; but it was not the memory of Mary Chaworth, but another guiltier and more damning memory that overshadowed that hour.

The moment the carriage-doors were shut upon the bridegroom and bride, the paroxysm of remorse and despair—unrepentant remorse and angry despair—broke forth upon her gentle head.

"You might have saved me from this, madam! you had all in your own power when I offered myself to you first. Then you might have made me what you pleased; but now you will find that you have married a *devil*!"

In Miss Martineau's Sketches, recently published, is the account of the scene of the termination of this wedding-journey, which brought them to one of her ancestral country seats, where they were to spend the honeymoon.

Miss Martineau says:—

"At the altar she did not know that she was a sacrifice; but before sunset of that winter day she knew it, if a judgment may be formed from her face and attitude of despair when she alighted from the carriage on the afternoon of her marriage-day. It was not the traces of tears which won the sympathy of the old butler who stood at the open door. The bridegroom jumped out of the carriage and walked away. The bride alighted, and came up the steps alone, with a countenance and frame agonized and listless with evident horror and despair. The old servant longed to offer his arm to the young, lonely creature, as an assurance of sympathy and protection. From this shock she certainly rallied, and soon. The pecuniary difficulties of her new home were exactly what a devoted spirit like hers was fitted to encounter. Her husband bore testimony, after the catastrophe, that a brighter being, a more sympathising and agreeable companion, never blessed any man's home. When he afterwards called her cold and mathematical, and over-pious, and so forth, it was when public opinion had gone against him, and when he had discovered that her fidelity and mercy, her silence and magnanimity, might be relied on, so that he was at full liberty to make his part good, as far as she was concerned.

"Silent she was even to her own parents, whose feelings she magnanimously spared. She did not act rashly in leaving him, though she had been most rash in marrying him."

Not all at once did the full knowledge of the dreadful reality into which she had entered come upon the young wife. She knew, vaguely, from the wild avowals of the first hours of their marriage, that there was a dreadful secret of guilt, that his soul was torn with agonies of remorse, and that he had no love to give her in return for a love which was ready to do and dare all for him. Yet bravely she addressed herself to the task of soothing, and pleasing, and calming the man whom she had taken "for better or for worse."

Young and gifted, with a peculiar air of refined and spiritual beauty, graceful in every movement, possessed of exqui-

site taste, a perfect companion to his mind in all the higher walks of literary culture, and with that infinite pliability to all his varying, capricious moods which true love alone can give; bearing in her hand a princely fortune, which, with a woman's uncalculating generosity, was thrown at his feet—there is no wonder that she might feel for a while as if she could enter the lists with the very devil himself, and fight with a woman's weapons for the heart of her husband.

There are indications scattered through the letters of Lord Byron, brief indeed, but which showed that his young wife was making every effort to accommodate herself to him, and to give him a cheerful home. One of the poems that he sends to his publisher about this time, he speaks of as being copied by her. He had always the highest regard for her literary judgments and opinions, and this little incident shows that she was already associating herself in a wifely fashion with his aims as an author.

The poem copied by her, however, has a sad meaning which she afterwards learned to understand only too well.

"There's not a joy the world can give like
that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in
feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush
alone that fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the
wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean
of excess;
The magnet of their course is gone, or only
points in vain
The shore to which their shivered sail will
never stretch again."

Only a few days before she left him for ever, Lord Byron sent Murray manuscripts, in Lady Byron's handwriting, of the "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina," and wrote:—

"I am very glad that the handwriting
"was a favourable omen of the *morale*

"of the piece; but you must not trust
"to that, for my copyist would write
"out anything I desired, in all the
"ignorance of innocence."

There were lucid intervals in which Lord Byron felt the charm of his wife's mind and the strength of her powers. "Bell, you could be a poet too, if you only thought so," he would say. There were summer hours in her stormy life, the memory of which never left her, when Byron was as gentle and tender as he was beautiful; when he seemed to be possessed by a good angel, and then for a little time all the ideal possibilities of his nature stood revealed.

The most dreadful men to be lived with are those who thus alternate between angel and devil. The buds of hope and love called out by a day or two of sunshine are frozen over and over till the tree is killed.

But there came an hour of revelation,—an hour when, in a manner which left no kind of room for doubt, Lady Byron saw the full depth of the abyss of infamy which her marriage was expected to cover, and understood that she was expected to be the cloak and the accomplice of this infamy.

Many women would have been utterly crushed by such a disclosure; some would have fled from him immediately, and exposed and denounced the crime. Lady Byron did neither. When all the hope of womanhood died out of her heart, there arose within her, stronger, purer, and brighter, that immortal kind of love such as God feels for the sinner,—the love of which Jesus spoke that makes the one wanderer of more account than the "ninety and nine that went not astray." She would neither leave him nor betray him, nor yet would she for one moment justify his sin. And hence came two years of convulsive struggle, in which sometimes, for a while, the good angel seemed to gain the ground, and then the evil one returned with sevenfold vehemence.

Lord Byron argued his case with himself and with her, with all the sophistries of his powerful mind. He

repudiated Christianity as authority, and asserted the right of every human being to follow out what he called "the impulses of nature." Subsequently he introduced into one of his dramas the reasoning by which he justified himself in incest.

In the drama of "Cain," Adah, the sister and the wife of Cain, thus addresses him :—

"Cain! walk not with this spirit.
Bear with what we have borne, and love me—I
Love thee.

Lucifer. More than thy mother and thy
sire!

Adah. I do. Is that a sin, too?

Lucifer. No, not yet;
It one day will be in your children.

Adah. What?
Must not my daughter love her brother Enoch?

Lucifer. Not as thou lovest Cain.

Adah. Oh, my God!
Shall they not love and bring forth things
that love

Out of their love? have they not drawn their
milk

Out of this bosom? was not he, their father,
Born of the same sole womb, in the same hour
With me? did we not love each other? and
In multiplying our being multiply
Things which will love each other as we love
Them!—And as I love thee, my Cain! go not
Forth with this spirit, he is not of ours.

Lucifer. The sin I speak of is not of my
making,

And cannot be a sin in you,—what'er
It seems in those who will replace ye in
Mortality.

Adah. What is the sin which is not
Sin in itself? can circumstance make sin
Or virtue? if it doth, we are the slaves
Of"

Lady Byron, though slight and almost infantine in her bodily presence, had the soul not only of an angelic woman, but of a strong reasoning man. It was the writer's lot to know her at a period when she formed the personal acquaintance of many of the very first minds of England; but among all with whom this experience brought her in connexion, there was none who impressed her so strongly as Lady Byron. There was an almost supernatural power of moral divination, a grasp of the very highest and most comprehensive things, that made her lightest opinions singularly impressive. No doubt this result

was wrought out in a great degree from the anguish and conflict of these two years, when, with no one to help or counsel her but Almighty God, she wrestled and struggled with fiends of darkness for the redemption of her husband's soul.

She followed him through all sophistical reasonings with a keener reason. She besought and implored, in the name of his better nature, and by all the glorious things that he was capable of being and doing; and she had just power enough to convulse and shake and agonize, but not power enough to subdue.

One of the first living writers of the age, in the novel of "Romola," has given in her masterly sketch of the character of Tito the whole history of the conflict of a woman like Lady Byron with a nature like that of her husband. She has described a being, full of fascinations and sweetnesses, full of generousities and good-natured impulses; a nature that could not bear to give pain, or to see it in others, but entirely destitute of any firm, moral principle; she shows how such a being merely by yielding step by step to the impulses of passions, and disregarding the claims of truth and right, becomes involved in a fatality of evil, in which he persists in the basest ingratitude to the father who has done all for him, and hard-hearted treachery to the high-minded wife who has given herself to him wholly.

There is not often in literature a more fearfully tragic scene than the one between Romola and Tito, when he finally discovers that she knows him fully, and can be deceived by him no more.

Some such hour always must come between strong decided natures who are irrevocably pledged, one to the service of good, and the other to the slavery of evil. The demoniac cried out: "What have I to do with thee, Jesus of Nazareth? Art thou come to torment me before the time?"

The presence of all-pitying purity and love was a torture to the soul possessed by the demon of evil.

These two years in which Lady Byron was with all her soul struggling to bring her husband back to his better self were a series of passionate convulsions.

During this time such was the disordered and desperate state of his worldly affairs, that there were ten executions for debt levied on their family establishment; and it was Lady Byron's fortune each time which settled the account.

During the latter part of the time, she and her husband saw less and less of each other, and he came more and more decidedly under evil influences and seemed to acquire a sort of hatred of her.

Lady Byron once said significantly, to a friend who spoke of some causeless dislike in another: "My dear, I have known people to be hated for no other reason than because they impersonated conscience."

The biographers of Lord Byron and all his apologists are careful to narrate how sweet, and amiable, and obliging he was to everybody who approached him; and the saying of Fletcher his manservant has been quoted, "That *anybody* could do anything with my Lord, except my Lady."

The reason of all this will now be evident. "My Lady" was the only one fully understanding the deep and dreadful secrets of his life, who had the courage resolutely and persistently and inflexibly to plant herself in his way, and insist upon it that, if he went to destruction, he should go over her dead body.

He had tried his strength with her fully. The first attempt had been to make her an accomplice by sophistry; by destroying her faith in Christianity, and confusing her sense of right and wrong, to bring her into the ranks of those convenient women who regard the marriage-tie only as a friendly alliance to cover licence on both sides.

When her husband described to her the continental latitude,—the good-humoured marriage, in which complai-

sant couples mutually agree to form the cloak for each other's infidelities,—and gave her to understand that in this way alone she could have a peaceful and friendly life with him, she answered him simply: "I am too truly your friend to do this."

When Lord Byron found that he had to do with one who would not yield, who knew him fully, who could not be blinded and could not be deceived, he determined to rid himself of her altogether.

It was when the state of affairs between herself and her husband seemed darkest and most hopeless, that the only child of this union was born. Lord Byron's treatment of his lady during the sensitive period that preceded the birth of this child, and during her confinement, was marked by paroxysms of unmanly brutality, for which the only charity on her part was the supposition of insanity. Moore sheds a significant light on this period, by telling us that about this time Byron was often drunk day after day with Sheridan. There had been insanity in the family, and this was the plea which Lady Byron's love put in for him. She regarded him as, if not insane, at least so nearly approaching the boundaries of insanity as to be a subject of forbearance and tender pity, and she loved him with that loveresemblance a mother's, which good wives often feel when they have lost all faith in their husbands' principles and all hopes of their affections. Still she was in heart and soul his best friend; true to him with a truth which he himself could not shake.

In the verses addressed to his daughter, Lord Byron speaks of her as

"The child of love, though born in bitterness,
And nurtured in convulsions."

A day or two after the birth of this child, Lord Byron came suddenly into Lady Byron's room, and told her that her mother was dead. It was an utter falsehood, but it was a specimen of the many nameless injuries and cruelties by which he expressed his hatred of her.

A short time after her confinement, she was informed by him in a note, that as soon as she was able to travel she must go, that he could not and would not longer have her about him—and when her child was only five weeks old he carried this expulsion into effect.

Here we will insert briefly Lady Byron's own account—the only one she ever gave to the public—of this separation. The circumstances under which this brief story was written are affecting.

Lord Byron was dead. The whole account between him and her was closed for ever in this world. Moore's memoirs had been prepared, containing simply and solely Lord Byron's own version of their story. Moore sent these memoirs to Lady Byron, and requested to know if she had any remarks to make upon them. In reply, she sent a brief statement to him, the first and only one that had come from her during all the years of the separation, and which appears to have mainly for its object the exculpation of her father and mother from the charge made by the poet, of being the instigators of the separation.

In this letter she says, with regard to their separation :—

"The facts are: I left London for Kirby Mallory, the residence of my father and mother, on the 15th of January, 1816. LORD BYRON HAD SIGNIFIED TO ME IN WRITING, JANUARY 6TH, HIS ABSOLUTE DESIRE THAT I SHOULD LEAVE LONDON ON THE EARLIEST DAY THAT I COULD CONVENIENTLY FIX. It was not safe for me to undertake the fatigue of a journey sooner than the 15th. Previously to my departure, it had been strongly impressed upon my mind that Lord Byron was under the influence of insanity. This opinion was derived in a great measure from the communications made me by his nearest relatives and personal attendant, who had more opportunity than myself for observing him during the latter part of my stay in town. It was even represented to me that he was in danger of destroying himself.

"With the concurrence of his family I had consulted Dr. Baillie as a friend, January 8th, respecting the supposed malady. On acquainting him with the state of the case, and with Lord Byron's desire that I should leave London, Dr. Baillie thought that my absence might be advisable as an experiment, assuming the fact of mental derangement; for Dr.

Baillie, not having had access to Lord Byron, could not pronounce a positive opinion on that point. He enjoined that, in correspondence with Lord Byron, I should avoid all but light and soothing topics. Under these impressions I left London, determined to follow the advice given by Dr. Baillie. Whatever might have been the conduct of Lord Byron toward me from the time of my marriage, yet, supposing him to be in a state of mental alienation, it was not for me, nor for any person of common humanity, to manifest at that moment a sense of injury."

Nothing more than this letter from Lady Byron is necessary to substantiate the fact that she did not leave her husband, but was driven from him,—driven from him that he might follow out the guilty infatuation that was consuming him, without being tortured by her imploring face and by the silent power of her presence and her prayers in his house.

For a long time before this she had seen little of him. On the day of her departure she passed by the door of his room and stopped to caress his favourite spaniel which was lying there; and she confessed to a friend the weakness of feeling a willingness even to be something as humble as that poor little creature, might she only be allowed to remain and watch over him. She went into the room where he and the partner of his sins were sitting together, and said, "Byron, I come to say good-bye," offering at the same time her hand.

Lord Byron put his hands behind him, retreated to the mantelpiece, and looking round on the two that stood there, with a sarcastic smile said, "When shall we three meet again?"

Lady Byron answered: "In heaven, I trust." And those were her last words to him on earth.

Now if the reader wishes to understand the real talents of Lord Byron for deception and dissimulation, let him read, with this story in his mind, the "Fare thee well," which he addressed to Lady Byron through the printer :—

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well:

Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee,
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee
Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found
Than the one which once embraced me
To inflict a cureless wound?"

The reaction of society against him at the time of his separation from his wife was something for which it appears he was entirely unprepared, and which was entirely unexpected by him. It broke up the guilty intrigue, and drove him from England. He had not courage to meet or endure it. The world, to be sure, was very far from suspecting what the truth was, but the tide was setting against him with such vehemence as to make him tremble every hour lest the whole should be known; and henceforth it became a warfare of desperation to make his story good, no matter at whose expense.

He had tact enough to perceive at first that the assumption of the pathetic and the magnanimous, general confessions of faults, accompanied with admissions of his wife's goodness, would be the best policy in his case. In this mood he thus writes to Moore:—

"The fault was not in my choice (unless in choosing at all), for I do not believe, and I must say it in the very dregs of all this bitter business, that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable, agreeable being than Lady Byron. I never had nor can have any reproach to make her while with me. Where there is blame it belongs to myself."

As there must be somewhere a scape-goat to bear the sin of the affair, Lord Byron wrote a poem called "A Sketch," in which he lays the blame of stirring up strife on a friend and former governess of Lady Byron's, but in this sketch he introduces the following just eulogy on Lady Byron:—

"Foiled was perversion by that youthful mind,
Which flattery fooled not, baseness could not blind,

Deceit infect not, near contagion soil,
Indulgence weaken, nor example spoil,
Nor mastered science tempt her to look down
On humbler talents with a pitying frown,
Nor genius swell, nor beauty render vain,
Nor envy ruffle to retaliate pain,
Nor fortune change, pride raise, nor passion bow,
Nor virtue teach austerity,—till now.
Serenely purest of her sex that live,
But wanting one sweet weakness,—to forgive.
Too shocked at faults her soul can never know,
She deems that all could be like her below:
Foe to all vice, yet hardly virtue's friend,
For virtue pardons those she would amend."

In leaving England, Lord Byron first went to Switzerland, made the tour of the Alps, conceived and in part wrote out the tragedy of "Manfred." Moore speaks of his domestic misfortunes and the sufferings which he went through at this time, as having an influence in stimulating his genius, so that he was enabled to write with a greater power.

Anybody who reads the tragedy of "Manfred" with this story in his mind will see that it is true.

The hero is represented as a gloomy misanthrope, dwelling with impenitent remorse on the memory of an incestuous passion which has been the destruction of his sister for this life and the life to come, but which, to the very last gasp, he despairingly refuses to repent of, even while he sees the fiends of darkness rising to take possession of his departing soul. That he knew his own guilt well, and judged himself severely, may be gathered from passages in this poem, which are as powerful as human language can be made. For instance, this part of the "Incantation," which Moore says was written at this time:—

"Though thy slumber may be deep,
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
There are shades which will not vanish,
There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
By a power to thee unknown,
Thou canst never be alone;
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,
Thou art gathered in a cloud;
And for ever shalt thou dwell
In the spirit of this spell.

From thy false tears I did distil
An essence which hath strength to kill;

From thy own heart I then did wring
The black blood in its blackest spring ;
From thy own smile I snatched the snake,
For there it coiled as in a brake ;
From thy own lip I drew the charm
Which gave all these their chiefest harm ;
In proving every poison known
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,
By thy unfathomed gulfs of guile,
By that most seeming virtuous eye,
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy,
By the perfection of thine art
Which passed for human thine own heart,
By thy delight in others' pain,
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,
I call upon thee ! and compel
Thyself to be thy proper hell ! "

Again he represents Manfred as saying to the old Abbot, who seeks to bring him to repentance :—

" Old man ! there is no power in holy men,
Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,
The innate tortures of that deep despair,
Which is remorse without the fear of hell,
But all in all sufficient to itself
Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise
From out the unbounded spirit the quick
sense
Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and
revenge
Upon itself ; there is no future pang
Can deal that justice on the self-condemned
He deals on his own soul."

And when the Abbot tells him—

" All this is well ;
For this will pass away, and be succeeded
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up
With calm assurance to that blessed place,
Which all who seek may win, whatever be
Their earthly errors,"—

he answers,

" It is too late ! "

Then the old Abbot passes this soliloquy upon him :—

" This should have been a noble creature : he
Hath all the energy which would have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
It is an awful chaos,—light and darkness,
And mind and dust, and passions and pure
thoughts
Mixed, and contending without end or order."

The world can easily see in Moore's memoirs, what, after this, was the course of Lord Byron's life ; how he went from

shame to shame, and dishonour to dishonour, and used the fortune which his wife brought him in the manner described in those private letters, which his biographer was left to print. Moore indeed says, Byron had made the resolution not to touch his lady's fortune ; but adds that it required more self-command than he possessed to carry out so honourable a purpose.

Lady Byron made but one condition with him. She had him in her power, and he stood at her mercy, and she exacted only that the unhappy partner of his sins should not follow him out of England, and that the ruinous intrigue should be given up. It was her inflexibility on this point that kept up that enmity which was constantly expressing itself in some publication or other, which drew her and her private relations with him before the public.

What Lady Byron did with the portion of her fortune which was reserved to her is a record of noble and skilfully administered charities. Pitiiful and wise and strong, there was no form of human suffering or sorrow that did not find with her refuge and help. She gave not only systematically, but also impulsively.

Miss Martineau claims for her the honour of having first invented practical schools, in which the children of the poor were turned into agriculturists, artisans, seamstresses, and good wives for poor men. While she managed with admirable skill and economy permanent institutions of this sort, she had a reserve always ready for the help of suffering in any form.

The fugitive slaves, William and Ellen Crafts, escaping to England, were fostered under her patronising care.

In many cases where there was suffering and anxiety from poverty among those too self-respecting to make their sufferings known, the delicate hand of Lady Byron ministered to the want with a consideration which spared the most refined feelings.

As a mother her course was embarrassed by peculiar trials. Her daughter

inherited from the father not only brilliant talents, but a restlessness and morbid sensibility which might be too surely traced to the storms and agitations of the period in which she was born. It was necessary to bring her up in ignorance of the true history of her mother's life, and the consequence was that she could not fully understand that mother. During her early girlhood, her career was a source of more anxiety than of comfort.

She married a man of fashion, ran a brilliant course as a gay woman of fashion, and died early of a lingering and painful disease.

In the silence and shaded retirement of the sick-room, the daughter came wholly back to her mother's arms and heart; and it was on that mother's bosom that she leaned, as she went down into the dark valley. It was that mother who placed her weak and dying hand in that of her Almighty Saviour.

To the children left by her daughter she ministered with the faithfulness of a guardian angel; and it is owing to her influence that those who yet remain are some of the best and noblest of mankind.

The person whose connexions with Lord Byron had been so disastrous, also, in the latter years of her life, felt Lady Byron's gracious and loving influences; was reformed and ennobled, and in her last sickness and dying hours looked to her for consolation and help.

There was an unfortunate child of sin, born with the curse upon her, over whose wayward nature Lady Byron watched with a mother's tenderness. She was the one who could have patience when the patience of every one else failed; and though the task was a difficult one, from the strange, abnormal propensities to evil in the subject of it, yet Lady Byron never faltered and never gave over, till death took the responsibility from her hands.

During all this trial, strange to say, her belief that the good in Lord Byron would finally conquer was unshaken.

To a friend who said to her, "Oh, No. 119.—VOL. XX.

how could you love him?" she answered, briefly, "My dear, there was the angel in him,"—it is in us all.

It was in this angel that she had faith. It was for the deliverance of this angel from degradation and shame and sin, that she unceasingly prayed. She read every work that he issued,—read it with a deeper knowledge than any human being but herself could possess. The ribaldry and the obscenity and the insults with which he strove to make her ridiculous in the world, fell at her pitying feet unheeded.

When he broke away from all this unworthy life to devote himself to a manly enterprise for the redemption of Greece, she thought that she saw the beginning of an answer to her prayers. Even although his last act was to repeat to Lady Blessington the false accusation which made Lady Byron the author of all his errors, she still had hopes, from the one step taken in the right direction.

In the midst of these hopes came the news of his sudden death. On his death-bed, it is well known that he called his confidential English servant to him, and said to him: "Go to my wife, and tell her . . ."

Here followed twenty minutes of indistinct mutterings, in which the name of his wife, daughter, and sister frequently occurred. Suddenly he turned and said: "You will tell her all this—have you written it down?"

"My Lord," said his attendant, "I really have not understood a word you have been saying."

"O God!" said the dying man; "then it is too late!" and he never spoke more.

When Fletcher returned to London, Lady Byron sent for him, and walked the room in convulsive struggles to repress her tears and sobs, while she over and over again strove to elicit something from him which should enlighten her upon what that last message had been, but in vain; the gates of eternity were shut in her face, and not a word had passed to tell her if he had repented.

For all that, Lady Byron never doubted his salvation. Always and ever before her, during the few remaining years of her widowhood, was the image of her husband, purified and ennobled, with the shadows of earth for ever dissipated, the stains of sin for ever removed—"the angel in him," as she expressed it, "made perfect, according to its divine ideal."

Never has more divine strength of faith and love existed in woman. Out of the depths of her own loving and merciful nature, she gained such views of the Divine love and mercy as made all hopes possible. There was no soul of whose future Lady Byron despaired. Such was her boundless faith in the redeeming power of love.

For the few years after his death, the life of this frail, delicate creature upon earth was a miracle of mingled weakness and strength. So frail in body was she that she seemed always hovering on the brink of the eternal world, yet so strong in spirit and so unceasing in carrying on her various ministries of mercy.

To talk with her seemed to the writer of this sketch the nearest possible approach to talking with one of "the spirits of the just made perfect."

She was gentle, artless, approachable as a little child, with ready outflowing sympathy for the cares and sorrows and interests of all who approached her, with a naive and gentle playfulness, that adorned, without hiding, the breadth and strength of her mind, and, above all, with a clear divining moral discrimination, never mistaking wrong for right in the slightest shade, yet with a mercifulness that made allowance for every weakness, and pitied every sin.

There was so much of Christ in her, that to have seen her seemed to be to have drawn near to heaven. She was one of those few friends from whom absence cannot divide, whose mere presence in this world seems always a help to every generous thought, a strength to every good purpose, a comfort in every sorrow.

She lived so nearly on the confines

of the spiritual world, that she seemed while living already to see into it. Hence the comfort which she addressed to a friend who had lost a son:—

"Dear friend, remember, as long as our loved ones are in *God's* world, they are in *ours*."

It has been thought by some friends who have read the proof-sheets of the above, that the author should state more specifically her authority for the above narration.

The circumstances which led the writer to England at a certain time, originated a friendship and correspondence with Lady Byron, which was always regarded as one of the greatest acquisitions of that visit.

On the occasion of a second visit to England, in 1856, the writer received a note from Lady Byron, indicating that she wished to have some private confidential conversation upon important subjects, and inviting her for that purpose to spend a day with her at her country-seat near London.

The writer went and spent a day with Lady Byron alone, and the object of the visit was explained to her. Lady Byron was in such a state of health, that her physicians had warned her that she had very little time to live. She was engaged in those duties and reviews which every thoughtful person finds necessary, who is coming deliberately and with open eyes to the boundaries of this mortal life.

At that time there was a cheap edition of Byron's works in contemplation, intended to bring his writings into circulation among the masses, and the pathos arising from the story of his domestic misfortunes would doubtless have greatly aided in giving it currency.

Under these circumstances, some of Lady Byron's friends had proposed the question to her, *whether she had not a responsibility to society for the truth; whether she did right to allow these writings to gain influence over the popular mind, by giving a silent consent to what she knew to be utter falsehoods.*

As Lady Byron's whole life had been

passed in the most heroic self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, the question was now proposed to her, whether one more act of self-denial was not required of her, before leaving this world; namely, to declare the absolute truth, no matter at what expense to her own feelings.

For this purpose it was her desire to recount the whole history to a person of another country, and entirely out of the whole sphere of personal and local feelings, which might be supposed to influence those in the country and station in life where the events really happened, in order that she might be helped by such a person's views in making up an opinion as to her own duty.

The interview had almost the solemnity of a death-bed avowal. Lady Byron recounted the history which has been embodied in this article, and gave to the writer a paper containing a brief memorandum of the whole, with the dates affixed.

We have already spoken of that singular sense of the reality of the spiritual world which seemed to encompass Lady Byron during the last part of her life, and which made her words and actions seem more like those of a blessed being detached from earth than of an ordinary mortal. All her modes of looking at things, all her motives of action, all her involuntary exhibitions of emotion were so high above any common level, and so entirely regulated by the most unworldly causes, that it would seem difficult to make the ordinary world understand exactly how the thing seemed to lie before her mind. What impressed the writer more strongly than anything else was Lady Byron's perfect conviction that her husband was now a redeemed spirit; that he looked back with pain and shame and regret on all that was unworthy in his past life; and that if he could speak or could act in the case, he would desire to prevent the farther circulation of base falsehoods, and of seductive poetry, which had been made the vehicle of morbid and unworthy passions.

Lady Byron's experience had led her to apply the powers of her strong phi-

losophical mind to the study of mental pathology, and she had become satisfied that the solution of the painful problem which first occurred to her as a young wife was after all the true one, namely, that Lord Byron had been one of those unfortunately constituted persons in whom the balance of nature is so critically hung, that it is always in danger of dipping upon the insane side, and that in certain periods of his life he was so far under the influence of mental disorder as not to be fully responsible for his actions.

She went over, with a brief and clear analysis, the history of his whole life as she had thought it out during the lonely musings of her widowhood. She dwelt on the ancestral causes that gave him a nature of exceptional and dangerous susceptibility. She went through the mismanagements of his childhood, the history of his school-days, the influence of the ordinary school course of classical reading on such a mind as his. She sketched boldly and clearly the internal life of the young men of the time as she with her purer eyes had looked through it, and showed how habits, which with less susceptible fibre and coarser strength of nature were tolerable for his companions, were deadly to him, unbinging his nervous system, and intensifying the dangers of ancestral proclivities. Lady Byron expressed the feeling, too, that the Calvinistic theology, as heard in Scotland, had proved in his case, as it often does in certain minds, a subtle poison. He never could either disbelieve or become reconciled to it, and the sore problems it proposes embittered his spirit against Christianity.

"The worst of it is, *I do believe*," he would often say with violence when he had been employing all his powers of reason, wit, and ridicule upon these subjects.

Through all this sorrowful history was to be seen, not the care of a slandered woman to make her story good, but the pathetic anxiety of a mother who treasures every particle of hope, every intimation of good, in the son

whom she cannot cease to love. With indescribable resignation she dwelt on those last hours, those words addressed to her never to be understood till repeated in eternity.

But all this she looked upon as forever past, believing that with the dropping of the earthly life these morbid impulses and influences ceased, and that higher nature which he often so beautifully expressed in his poems became the triumphant one.

While speaking on this subject the pale ethereal face became luminous with a heavenly radiance; there was something so sublime in her belief in the victory of love over evil, that faith with her seemed to have become sight. She seemed so clearly to perceive the divine ideal of the man she had loved, and for whose salvation she had been called to suffer and labour and pray, that all memories of his past unworthiness fell away and were lost.

Her love was never the doting fondness of weak women; it was the appreciative and discriminating love by which a higher nature recognised god-like capabilities under all the dust and defilement of misuse and passion; and she never doubted that the love which in her was so strong that no injury or insult could shake it, was yet stronger in the God who made her capable of such a devotion, and that in Him it was accompanied by power to subdue all things to itself.

The writer was so impressed and excited by the whole scene and recital, that she begged for two or three days to deliberate before forming any opinion. She took the paper with her, returned to London, and gave a day or two to the

consideration of the subject. The decision which she made was mostly influenced by her reverence and affection for Lady Byron. She seemed so frail, she had suffered so much, she stood at such a height above the comprehension of the coarse and common world, that the author had a feeling as if it would be violating a shrine to ask her to come forth from the sanctuary of a silence where she had so long abode, and plead her cause. She wrote to Lady Byron, that while this act of justice did seem to be called for, and to be in some respects most desirable, yet as it would involve so much that was painful to her, she considered that Lady Byron would be entirely justifiable in leaving the truth to be disclosed after her death, and recommended that all the facts necessary should be put in the hands of some persons, to be so published.

Years passed on. Lady Byron lingered four years after this interview, to the wonder of her physicians and all her friends.

After Lady Byron's death, the writer looked anxiously, hoping to see a memoir of the person whom she considered the most remarkable woman that England has produced in this century. No such memoir has appeared, on the part of her friends; and the mistress of Lord Byron has the ear of the public, and is sowing far and wide unworthy slanders, which are eagerly gathered up and read by an indiscriminating community.

Such is the origin of these remarks, and we hope that all who have read or credited the slanders of the Guiccioli book will do themselves the justice to read our refutation of them.

ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LONDON POOR.

A FEW weeks ago one of the Oxford professors, preaching at the West-end of the Capital, insisted as much on the harm done to the poor by acts meant for their benefit as on the duty of trying every day to do them some good. "What a contradiction!" said certain fair critics to whom I am indebted for an account of this sermon; and no doubt to the many kind-hearted but busy and unadventurous people who find it troublesome to discriminate in almsgiving, and hard and unsatisfactory to be of personal service to the poor, and who accordingly content themselves with sending a yearly cheque to some relief fund, it seems a contradiction. I desire, therefore, in this paper, by describing London labourers and artisans in some of the aspects under which I have seen them, to suggest to others the thought of doing, but doing more thoroughly, what I have tried to do.

It is now two years since I came up to town; till then I had lived in the country, at school, and in a university, seeing very little even at home of the classes lower than my own, seldom thinking of them but as a sort of field on which my Liberal and Conservative friends fought many of their battles, and yet feeling the necessity of knowing them, and that to make their acquaintance would in itself be an education.

On arriving in London, I obtained from some clergymen whom I knew leave to visit a few of their parishioners. Not having the advantage, and the drawback, of belonging to any society formed for such visitation, I was to go as regularly as I could, but whenever I pleased: without being bound to get them to attend the services of the Church, I was to bring to their notice the various parochial arrangements for their convenience—the schools, mission-houses, and dispensaries especially,

and to report to the respective incumbents cases in which their aid or their interference was wanted. I had the means of relieving distress, but of these I hardly ever availed myself, preferring that responsible and experienced persons should be almoners, and thinking that I should get on better with the people if they had nothing to hope for from my hands.

With these ends in view, I continued visiting in two districts—one in the north-east, one in the west of London—for eighteen months; and I am now to speak of what I saw there.

I must describe my work in the two parishes separately; for though poor people may all appear the same, they were in these instances very unlike one another. And my work was different also. In the westerly quarter my business simply was to go to several houses in various streets and courts, and look after children who belonged to a certain school; but in the north-eastern I had to visit every family in a street which I will call George Lane, and afterwards every family in another street which I will call Thrush Alley.

In the former, the houses and the inhabitants of the houses, and their manners, were, as I say, different from those in the latter, and this difference was due partly to historical antecedents, partly to economical circumstances. Beside the north-eastern district there once stood the Priory and Hospital of St. Mary, and near those buildings, as near the Great Church of St. Paul, was a Cross, to which at Easter the Lord Mayor and the Aldermen of London and their wives, in scarlet on holidays, on Wednesdays in violet, rode through Bishop's Gate to hear the Spital Sermons. After Henry VIII. took the house from the canons, for whom it was founded, merchants

(as Pallavicini the envoy) lived in it; Elizabeth made progresses from it, and round it she and her advisers established the Huguenot refugees. Even a hundred years back the neighbourhood was full of the houses of rich men of commerce, and Wesley preached there, though not from the ancient pulpit, for that the Parliamentarians had destroyed. Of at least equal date are many of the buildings which stand there now. But for the most part the dwellings of the poor in this place have been lately run up in slow compliance with the demands of the neighbouring trades; slow, for the want of house-room is of course tardily supplied in these cases, and thus the people are at the landlord's mercy. Those who go by the Great Eastern to Cambridge or Newmarket know the buildings very well, can look down on leaving the terminus into lanes undrained, unlighted, paved with rough lumps of stone—can look into houses not even properly numbered, and see the broken windows, and smoky walls, and heavy looms, and the pale inmates. Turning to the western quarter, we recollect that three hundred years ago it was mere country, unbroken by a single cottage; that a century later it changed from the "American wilderness" which Baxter found it, into a place of fashionable, even of royal residence and burial, and that then most of the lines of the streets were drawn, and the streets named after grandees of the day, and the small, solid, well-proportioned houses built. These have descended with many of the follies and much of the idiom of their first owners, through the middle class, to the lowest. Poor wretches, tottering on the brink of criminality, and devoid of religion, crowd together in what began as a missionary settlement: democracy slumbers in streets full of associations with the dynasties of Stuart, and Nassau, and Brunswick, and with the aristocrats of the time; and ignorance surrounds the abode of the Literary Club. As a consequence of the nature of West-end labour, and as was evidenced by the

character of the houses, the people in this district were comparatively well-to-do. Not only were the staircases safe (and not trembling ladders, as in Bethnal Green), but the doors would shut, and the windows were full of glass, and the walls (now and then adorned by a fresco ascribed to the hand of Hogarth or Reynolds) were pretty clean.

My main task was to induce parents to keep their children at school by reminders of the value of knowledge and punctual and orderly habits. It was not, however, that they disliked—even if they were criminals—or despised education, nor had they religious scruples; but it was the expense and the loss of earnings, and the want of clothes in which to send them to National or British Schools, and the fear of bad companionship for them and of their losing caste, if they sent them to Ragged Schools,¹ and also the fear of their being run over by drays or cabs, which deterred them.

Another difficulty was to get them to go to service. The younger ones will do it. A porter's son was anxious to be employed as a clerk's boy in the Temple, chiefly I think from his having seen "a matter of thirty turkeys at once" in the kitchen of one of the societies of that house. But the elder—young men or young women—prefer their "liberty."

A third was twofold—to get some to abstain from begging, and to get others to accept help. The latter class connected every offer of assistance (even of work or medicine) with parish relief, and rejected it accordingly. Can we wonder at that? I have seen women come in crying from the workhouse, fling down their loaf of bread on the floor, and say that they wouldn't be so grossly insulted again for twice as much; and the name *Bastille*, once applied to the parish stocks, is now applied to the workhouse and to houses of correction equally.

¹ The master of a certain ragged-school has to let the children out in time to pick the pockets of the people leaving church, or else to lose them. And there is a class feeling between trade and trade: a tailor calls bricklaying "low," and avoids gin palaces used by bricklayers.

I will now notice a few of the people in each district.

In a street named after "that most pious prelate and admirable governor," Compton, Bishop of London, and in one room, were four brothers—the eldest dying of consumption, and hardly able to make his rude and tawdry picture-frames—the rest, and one sister, doing their best to keep themselves and him and a younger sister who went to school.

One child lived in a court which it took me a long time to find, though I knew very well the lane out of which it ran; none of the people in the lane, nor either of the two policemen whom I asked, could tell me of it. At length, a man, who I think was an inspector, pointed it out to me, saying that it was very foolish of me to go there for a "lark;" but, on my replying that I had an order of admittance into a hospital for a child with the dropsy, he made no objection. I went down the hole: the houses on each side leaned towards one another overhead, and there was no light but from the gas in the lane. In the doorways stood men and women of the kind you see outside Bow Street police-court; the houses were not numbered, and I had some trouble in finding the right one; when I found it I was told that the child had died, and the mother gone wild with grief, and been taken to the workhouse. I made some further inquiries, which were answered courteously and kindly, and then I returned.

The ablest and best-educated man of middle age among my friends was a German, who had had to come to London in 1848; he had brought a rough machine with him at which he worked, making gimp and fringe. He lived very much to himself, and yet had a mastery over our language and politics: in the latter he was scientifically interested. He had a certain dignified and intelligent pessimism which was very imposing.

On the site of part of the White House, which, when Soho was fashionable, was a place of aristocratic revelry, stood a dairy—a cabin, of course, but

wonderfully neat, and in the hands of a delightfully countrified woman.

In "furnished lodgings"—I mean a room with a bed and mattress and blanket and a table in it—lived a tailor whom strikes and drunkenness had driven out of work, and who was "in the codging (patching) way." His wife had died in a decline, leaving him four sons: one, aged seventeen, had been valet to a gentleman, till his master went to college, and had a trick of pawning the said blanket, which got him "into trouble;" one was a baby, deaf and dumb; the other two, Sam and Frank, were thirteen and ten years old respectively. It was night when I first went there: on my knocking, the door was unfastened from within by a dirty little ghost which rushed back into bed: this was Frank, who was nursing the baby, but the rest were out. My next visit was in the afternoon, and then it was Sam who was in bed. He and Frank had but one suit, and that in common. A clergyman had got Frank into a refuge, to which, like a Grub Street writer of old, he had gone in the common suit; but, the people at the refuge having as usual burned the clothes, Sam had been confined to bed. He was set free, and he has since been off and on in a printing-office, frequenting when out of work St. Andrew's, Wells Street, and St. Mary's, Soho.

Polly — was nine, the motherless daughter of a "sporting character." Dogs, he said, were his foible; still he wanted the child to go to school and learn to keep house better than his wife had kept it: but she was always making "stalls" (excuses). Accordingly, I put the matter before Polly, and she, like all the people of her age of whom the same request was made, forbore to play truant for some time.

Turning to Bethnal Green and taking the better street first, you had many varieties of rank, poverty, and character. One "housekeeper," a comfortable, distant woman with a curtailed thumb; one lodger a wretched dock-labourer; one a girl of whom the woman knew nothing, and didn't want to know anything but

that the "young lady" paid her rent. She paid her rent, certainly—2s. 3d. a week for a room without a bedstead or fireplace; there she slept on a sackful of shavings; there, aided by a sister (for the loan of whom she gave 2s. a week to her mother), she made match-boxes all day; and there she lived on 2s. 9d. a week, the balance of her earnings: she was twenty years old, and rather pretty. A third lodger was an old "gentleman," that is, "a man who hadn't to work for his living."¹ A second "housekeeper" was an Irish widow, a chandler—mendant, lying and peevish; and her lodgers were another widow and her daughter, respectable women, who made heavy pilot-coats for cruelly small pay. Then there was a scaleboard-cutter—a lumbering, elderly man, who, whenever I came in, lay on the bed on his face and groaned. Next came a carman—a very good fellow, delicate, but so independent as to be truculent: he had a little girl, whom I vainly tried to make pronounce the word *wine* properly; she sounded her *w*'s like deliciously liquid *v*'s. There were also a clerk and his wife; he discarded from his office for drunkenness, she like him pitifully young. One cannot safely deprecate these early marriages, and yet they cause miserable want and unhappiness and quarrelling, and enfeeble the race. Opposite was a lively, jolly porter, of the Dickensian school, fond of his pipe, of his nap after dinner, of his beautiful, weak, and apathetic wife—a sort of Griselda Grantly. In the house to which I made a point of going last was a French polisher, once a cabinet-maker, whose wife was a bright and ingenious creature, and who had three children—Malcolm (or Charlie or both), Tom, and Bessie: they were very fair, and as rosy as if they had never been in London,

¹ They use the word "gentleman" in three senses—(1) in the strict sense, convertibly with "real gentleman;" (2) in the sense in the text; (3) convertibly with "party" or "gent," as meaning "man" or "boy" generally. So "lady" has two meanings—(1) that of a "real lady;" (2) like "person," a "woman" generally. This affection is as old in England as Queen Anne; in Spain, as the sixteenth century.

and they had a natural pleasure in showing themselves off, which induced them to sing (or rather to chirrup) and to play on the accordion at slight provocation; the people were not in want, but they liked to be visited, and to hear about the new Middle-Class School to which I urged them to send the boys.

In George Lane, the worse of the two, the inhabitants were on the whole of a lower grade, and hardly any family had more than one room. One, among the nicest of my acquaintance, consisting of a father and mother and a dozen children, had two, the upper so verminous that they had to live in the lower. When they went away, their successor expelled the vermin and painted and papered the room herself, on which the landlord promptly raised the rent. Rent is a sore subject, all the sorer since the abolition by the Representation of the People Act, 1867, of compounding for the payment of rates in parliamentary boroughs, added to it in practice the commission once given to the owner. Nothing can exceed the iron harshness of some of the landlords: the people grimly say of them that they collect their money weekly in coppers, going from house to house with a barrow. One week, I remember, I found a lot of children in a room in a loathsome state of small-pox; the next they had been replaced by another lot, whose mother had never been warned of the danger of infection. In one house lived an osier-cutter with a wife and three children; one a clumsy young woman, one a dwarfish girl, one a boy whom the woman whiningly called her "afflicted son," and whom, though I never saw him, I knew to be ill of some dreadful disease. The father could not read, write, or cipher—I am unjust; he could do all three, and by a method original, and no less easy than mine; he was a foreman, and kept his accounts by symbols of his own invention. Then there were a young cobbler and his wife, blessed with six children, attired each in a sack and very grimy; they couldn't afford water to wash them with. And yet they were merry enough; the man was in the militia, and described with

gusto that notorious march in which they had an accompaniment of thieves, who plundered the civilians before their eyes. They came from Bristol, which, but for the slackness of work there, would have seemed to them a heavenly city. I knew it from a chance visit and from books better than they did, and nothing pleased them more, not even having *The Police News* read to them, than to hear about it. Indeed, talk to a London artisan of the part of the country from which he came or which he knows, and you win his heart. One other friend of mine was from Bristol; he had been a chorister in one of the churches at Bedminster, and had already resolved to retire in his old age to that suburb; he is now, I believe, at sea: when last I saw him he gave me the text "Love not the world" illuminated and glazed; it had cost him 1*d.* in the People's Market, in the Whitechapel Road. There was a typical family, two generations of silk weavers, who had little work: their heavy, well-saved loom, lighted up by the wide windows of their third-floor room, was often idle, and they were always desirous of having books read to them. An old woman, gnarled with pain, and though a pensioner still industrious whenever the charity of her former master gave her a little thread to wind, had the same desire; and tracts which I should have thought utterly inappropriate, sounded, I own, very appropriate as I read them to her. There is no better sign among these people than the care which they take of their daughters, some of whom are very good-looking, and show their French origin in their faces; they seldom go out alone. One more note, and I leave them all, conscious that they interest me more than they will interest others. An old last-maker and his wife entertained me greatly: she was a nice, melancholy woman, who was wasting her eyesight for almost nothing, in making shirts; she was always speaking of a "Mrs. Wales," who I at length discovered was the Princess: he would not believe at first that my visit was disinterested and my services "gratuous," but at

length he came round, and talked the most theatrical Chartism. Not that he believed in Mr. Gladstone, or for that matter in Mr. Disraeli, still less in any "working man's candidate," but simply that he had a traditional belief, utterly aloof from practice, in the tyranny of the first two estates of the realm, from archbishops to deacons, from deans to canons minor, from dukes to barons; nor was he sanguine about squires or merchants or the professions. We all know the story in *The Spectator* of the Spitalfields weaver's wife who had bought (unknown as she thought to her husband) a little share in a lottery ticket, and who, on hoping to delight him with the news that it had won, was told that he had sold it for a glass of gin: I remember that the same fate befel another woman's savings.

If I suggested to any of these people emigration from England, or even immigration into the country, where work was better, and living cheaper, and the air purer, the answer was,—“Oh, but we want *life!*” *Life* of course meant amusement, and we may as well examine their notion of amusement.

Out of doors they divert themselves—unless some joint excursion out of town or some individual fancy¹ takes them into the country—in the parks and streets; to sit, or stroll, or fish, in St. James's Park, Regent's Park, Hyde Park and Victoria Park; to bathe in Victoria Park in the morning, in the Serpentine on summer evenings, and to feed the waterfowl: these are cheap and ready pleasures, and yet they are shared by comparatively few. Many people in Soho never wander in the Green Park, many in Bethnal Green never wander in Victoria Park: there is a picture of it, indeed, and of the fountain in the midst of it, on the drop scene of their favourite music-hall, but a mile divides them from it, and they do not care to go so far.

“Wouldn't it be very nice,” I said to

¹ One young artisan wishes for nothing more than to be able to preserve six miles of the Lea for himself: but he is an enthusiastic angler and swimmer.

a woman, "if you took your children to Victoria Park every Sunday for the day?" And I told her of the grass, and walks, and shrubs, and water, which she had never seen.

"Oh, and wouldn't it be very nice" she replied, "if I vere to bring 'em back 'ungry and 'ave nothink to give 'em?"

Their gardens are hardly out of doors, and yet they find in them so much of the country that I speak of them here. An osier-cutter in Bethnal Green grows in a wretched little back-yard many fuchsias and geraniums; in another house he had perhaps fifty tulips, but his landlord on account of them raised his rent, and he had to leave. "I couldn't transplant 'em, sir," he said, "and I *did* think of rooting 'em up; but I couldn't do that neither, so I left 'em where they vas." In-doors of course almost every one has flowers, sickly enough, but dear to them naturally, and sometimes by tradition from their Huguenot ancestry. So in the west, on the first floor of a house near a little Roman Catholic church, once the dining-room of Carlisle House, and still boasting its classical and pagan decorations, there lived a family, one of the sons of which had "a rock garden." It lay on a wall which ran under the window and at right angles to it. He had strewn a little earth on the top, and surrounded it by a ring of stones, and in that dry and shallow bed he had sown some seeds. It is two years since I saw it, but I cannot forget the pride with which he did the honours of this garden of Adonis, as a Greek would have called it, pointing out how the sun setting over Soho Square (the only one in London, he said, not open at the corners) fell upon the pale blades of cress and mustard. I thought of the Roman window-gardens, and hoped that this might not be robbed at night, as they were.

But the streets are the scene of enjoyment for the poor; they are the world to them, nor does any history interest them more than the history of the streets. It is not that they know much about them, or anything about

those of them (however famous) which are distant, or about the buildings beside them: some of the most intelligent people in Bethnal Green had never heard of, perhaps had never seen, the Cathedral, or the Abbey, or Pall Mall. But to buy, or even to be tempted to buy, by the flare of gas or on Sunday mornings, in Club Row, or Brick Lane, or Bethnal Green, or Hackney, or Whitechapel Road, or Shoreditch, or the Dials, or Newport Market; to lounge along, gently carried down the stream of idlers past penny shows of dogs or giants, past trays of spoiled fruit and fish, and knick-knacks and household furniture and drapery—these pleasures enter largely into "life." Another ingredient in it is the drama. There is in Shoreditch a typical music-hall, consisting of a gallery with boxes at the ends, a pit, an orchestra, and a stage. You get into the boxes for 6d., into the pit for 3d. or 2d., into the gallery for 1d. "In fact, sir," said an attendant in a burst of confidence to me, "it *is* a gaff, sir; that's vot it is, though ve don't call it vun." They give the same performances three times a night, clearing the place without ceremony after each. If a fight begins, the lessee and the ginger-beer man go and knock the heads of the combatants together. There are very proper songs by men and women and boys, all on the best of terms with the audience, songs in which it is important to have choruses for the audience to join in; there are dances; and once I saw "The Daughter of the Regiment" with regular scenes and dresses: the aristocratic lover was represented by a hideous dwarf with an eye-glass the size of a soup-plate, and a scarlet coat covered with lace; the spectators, being of Cicero's opinion that bodily deformity is very fair matter for jesting, applauded the horrible sight. We wished him more self-respect, and them less brutality. "Look at him!" cried the old sergeant to the poor but successful lover, "a man has a bad heart and a thick head, but a fine coat; he is a gentleman! A man has a coat like yours, but an heart like yours, and

an head like yours; he is of the *lower* orders!" Down came the house, of course. A reflection of the kind had been made to me before by the old last-maker mentioned above, who, if he had not been on the boards, had at any rate a very histrionic manner. The same thing happens in the theatres. These—I mean the half-dozen to which I have been—are, on the average, as large as those at the West-end, and similarly formed. The prices are about a fourth of the prices at fashionable theatres (gallery 3*d.*, pit 6*d.*, stalls 1*s.*, boxes 1*s.* or 2*s.*, private boxes 3*s.*); that is, high, considering the incomes of the audiences. These are made up of tradesmen, clerks, artisans, apprentices, labourers; the criminal class is there also, but at rest from the exercise of its profession, as far as I know. One night at a place in Norton Folgate I had a long conversation with a young man who had come in with an order from the writer of the evening's pantomime, and who told me that sometimes he worked in a printing-office and sometimes he acted.

"And when work's slack?" I said.

"Well, sir," he answered, "sometimes I finds a pocket handkercher."

"I fear that mine will be of no use to you," I replied.

"Sir, I've been a *talkin'* to *you*," was his rejoinder.

Now and then a star—Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Frank Matthews, Miss Amy Sedgwick, Miss Robertson—appears on these stages, well or ill supported and appreciated. But it is more amusing when the pieces are appropriate. One night we had a farce and two dramas, "powerful" and "romantic" respectively. In the latter the characters were an old usurer, his hungry servant, and his beautiful daughter, her lover—a nobleman disguised, and three thieves, Dutch, Italian, and English. The former would have been more powerful had it been less bewildering:—a wicked husband and father hires a hag to kidnap his daughter, and marries again; the daughter takes to selling water-cress, and after adventures which are shared by "a

very bad specimen of a rascally lawyer," a surgeon, "a mystery," "a poor orphan, a waif upon the world's stream," and "a coster-lad, his rival," "a cove vot suffers sich a deal, half prig, half gipsy," a gang of out-and-out gipsies, and four roughs, Curly, Pineapple Jack, Brassy, and Gaffy, she is triumphantly proved to be her father's child. The succession of scenes was a street in the suburbs of the Capital, Covent Garden Market, the hag's model lodging-house, a den in Seven Dials, a villa at Highgate, London Bridge, and lastly the cool limestone and dark water and beautiful foliage of the Swallow Fall, dear to those who know Bettws-y-Coed. Another place gave us a spectacle and two more dramas; a "powerful" one again and a "spectral." In the first a cream-coloured steed acted, and its master played the parts of a beggar, a friar, a bravo, a soldier, and a prince: in the last, Charles the Second and Nell Gwyn were inextricably mixed up with four "men of crime," a moral highwayman, a gipsy queen, and a skeleton horseman. In the second, of which my reminiscences are a mass of confusion, the chief person is either a "news-boy of the points," or an adopted daughter, or both, and anyhow makes short work of Black Donald, "the colonel of a band of coiners," of which one "Sharp Slave" and one "Demon Dick" are members. Briefly, all the pieces which I have seen were moral as compared with West-end pieces, and bristled with references to the injustice and cruelty and inequality (not of government nor of law, but) of society—references quickly understood and noisily cheered. A baronet marries a blacksmith's daughter, and is ashamed of her father; "Hiss! Hiss!"—you would think that you heard the geese saving the Capitol. But allusions to Bright's being in office, or the Church established in Ireland, fall dead; for though the people have some political instinct, they have next to no political knowledge. Nor are hints of communism taken, at least not by such as have anything to be shared. It is said that they abide by the law: if they abode by it with intelligent patience, it would prove little

for their spirit ; but in truth they shrink from it, because their ignorance about it and its expense (which makes it practically oppressive to them) deter them from appealing to it, and they see none but the most obvious jokes about it. I have before me a piece of evidence of the desire of the London poor to learn and obey the law : it appears to be a reprint, but it is really an abstract of the Metropolitan Streets' Act, 1867. I bought it in Bethnal Green for a penny, in the winter of that year. It lays down the law very roughly and inaccurately as to scavengers, costermongers, shoe-blacks, betting-men, dogs, cattle, the cart, the cab, the 'bus. That well-meant statute worked with great cruelty and with bad effect, for not only is "the street trade" a great convenience to the people, but those who engage in it are said to relapse when it is slack into the criminal class and become burglars. The shoe-blacks, again, felt bitterly the operation of the sections which applied to them. But though I heard many complaints addressed to the clergy and to me, I never heard much applause when the Act was denounced or ridiculed on the stage. One of the theatres differed from the others in having before it a courtyard, open to the sky and floored with wood. There were alcoves and trees round it ; people danced and flirted and had supper, and went backwards and forwards between it and the house, the boxes of which were flush with its floor. A girl there acted the character of "Satan" with much liveliness.

It is hard to take a general view of the trades of the people whom I visited. In Soho, among the men there were a gimp and fringe maker, a picture-frame maker, a "sporting character," a dairyman, the foreman of a pickle factory : the women mostly were laundresses, or "chared." In one of the streets in Bethnal Green, the majority, men and women, wove silk and velvet, but some in the filthiest houses made ornamental buttons. One pair made shoes, one lasts, one umbrella-frames, one cut osiers. In the other there were 40 families ; 36—or at least the heads of

36—of which never went to any place of worship (the rest were Churchmen), and three of which only were always in work ; six people were dock-labourers, one kept a chandler's shop, one was a fish-smoker, one a scaleboard cutter, one "in the chicory-way," one a carman, one a paper-ruler, one a lime-washer, one a picture-dealer, one a market man, two were sawyers, one made slippers, one braid, one was a japanner, one a porter, one a chair-maker, one horse-keeper at a brewery, one a cabinet-maker, one employed in a granary, one a fish-seller, one a hostler, one a clerk degraded ; the rest were sempstresses, or simply "kept house," and one was a "gentleman," a lazy, unclean, old fellow, who "had money," and accordingly idled about with his pipe and in his shirt-sleeves, to the envy of the whole street, and the pride of his landlady.

The decay of the staple trade, silk and velvet weaving, is due partly to a preference for foreign fabrics which has been a fashionable whim these hundred years ;¹ partly to the arbitrary operation of unions ; and I fear it is hopeless.

Everybody knows how much the working-classes—those of them particularly who are very poor—help one another ; how they add an orphan to the burden of their families on the specious ground that one little mouth more won't matter ; how when a man leaves his widow poor, or "is in trouble," they give her or him "a friendly lead," by devoting the proceeds of some entertainment ; how when a woman's "things" are "put away" (pawned) a stranger lends her others. This is the more odd, because their ignorance of their neighbours' names and their want of inclination, and indeed disinclination, to know their neighbours' business, distinguish them from their equals in the country. I was never in a house where one family knew the others, or anything of them ; still less the people next door. For an instance

¹ Lord Strange, on a Committee of the House of Commons on the subject, was found to be under the impression that the velvet of his coat came from France, whereas it came from Spitalfields.

of this kindness—a friend of mine, an apprentice, was sent to a public-house to change a sovereign; he put it on the counter, and turned round: it was snatched away, and he must have repaid it all out of his small earnings had not his brother apprentices collected among them 17s. for him. He again, when a singer whom he knew arranged a concert in some theatre in Soho for her old father's benefit, sold a large number of tickets for her in his spare hours.

I am often asked by my friends, men of science, and others, What is the religion of these people?—the men of science hoping perhaps to hear that they are secularists; the others hoping to hear that they are inclined or opposed to ceremonialism, as the case may be. Such a question demands a diffident and discriminating answer, and at least I will answer it impartially. Most of them, men, women, and children, seem to live as if they believed that death closed all: and yet I have not found, even among the men, any conscious and positive assertion of secularism. No doubt that assertion is made: for you can read it in the faces of those who hang upon the lips of Mr. Bradlaugh in Hyde Park and elsewhere. But he is as much mistrusted, ignored, unknown, as the other self-styled "men of the people;" and, in my opinion, very few of the poor rise to the conception of atheism. I came across only two men who took the trouble to profess infidelity: one, a cobbler in the Hackney Road, very drunk and combative and diverting, whose one wish was to have an argument political and religious, and who, on being disappointed of that, went to sleep; the other, a basket-maker in Bethnal Green, reduced to dock-labour by his turn for oratory. The Scripture reader,

in the tone which he would have used in warning me that I should find him leprous, warned me that I should find him a free-thinker: and indeed he opened fire on me by saying that "Moses never wrote *The Pentateuch*." One other speculator I knew, a drayman, whom I found reading a Scottish work on Salvation, very metaphysical, very full of Latin and Greek; but since he was reading it only because he had no other books, and since he took kindly to the Waverley novels, I pass him by. Those who actually have any dogmatic religion may be said to be anything which their spiritual director for the time being chooses to make them, and, when his direction ceases, to remain for various periods under its influence. A popular clergyman or minister can give them, especially when young, an appearance of Ritualism or Puritanism, can make them seem Calvinists or Arminians; and the lacquer sometimes lasts, and sometimes is washed off or worn away. My friends affected as a rule to be Evangelical: they repeated the conventional formularies; they groaned over Popery; one of them—a boy of fourteen—used to throw out of his plate cabbage which had been bought on Sunday. When I read tracts or the Bible to those of them who were old, they listened with due attention, and made pious remarks. But I am afraid that their main purpose in going to church or chapel was to get the doles which they persisted in supposing would reward their attendance there. The great majority went for nothing else than the hope of these doles, and had no notions of Christianity. If you suggested any utilitarian motives for church- or chapel-going—the beauty of music and building, the rest, the novelty—you suggested them in vain.

A BRAVE LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

CHAPTER VI.

JOSEPHINE SCANLAN walked home from the Rectory that afternoon, feeling like a woman in a dream.

At first she was so stunned by the tidings she had received that she did not realize her position. How strange!—how very strange!—to be the heiress of a man who in the course of nature could not possibly live many years, and might pass away any day—leaving behind him, for her and hers, at the least a very handsome competence, probably considerable wealth,—wealth enough to make her mind entirely at ease concerning the future of her children. Her bright, bold César, her sensitive Adrienne, and all her other darlings, loved, each as they came, with the infinitely divisible yet undivided love of a mother,—they would never have to suffer as she had suffered. Thank God!

This was her prominent thought. It came upon her gradually, deliciously, on leaving the garden-gate, where, quite overcome, she had stood ever so long under shelter of the great whitethorn tree: for years the sight and smell of the faint pinky blossoms of the fading may reminded her of the emotions of that hour. Slowly her confused mind settled into calmness, and she took in the full extent of all that had happened to her since morning, and the total change that had come to her lot.

Not externally. It was obvious that Mr. Oldham meant to make no public acknowledgment of his intentions with regard to her. Also, he was leaving his property to *herself*; he had said distinctly "my heiress:" never naming her husband. These two facts startled her.

The Rector, with all his reticent politeness, was then an acuter man than she supposed, and had seen further than she thought he had into the secrets of her married life, and the inner mysteries of her household. He had his own reasons—and her unwarped judgment told her they were quite feasible and good ones—for exacting from her this promise, and requiring that the daily existence of the little family at Wren's Nest should go on as heretofore, and that Edward Scanlan should be told nothing whatever of the change that was likely to take place in his fortunes. It was best so. Edward Scanlan's wife knew that, quite as well as Mr. Oldham did.

Some may hold that she erred here in seeing with such clear vision her husband's faults. Can it be that in any relation of life, conjugal or otherwise, it is one's duty to shut one's eyes to facts, and do one's best to believe a lie? I think not. I think all righteous love partakes in this of the love of God—that it can "hate the sin and love the sinner:" that without deceiving itself for a moment as to the weak points of the object beloved, it can love on in spite of them; up to a certain limit, often a very large limit, of endurance: and that when love fails, this endurance still remains. Besides, mercifully, love gets into a habit of loving, not easily broken through. And Josephine had been married thirteen years.

In all those thirteen years she had never carried a lighter heart than that which seemed to leap in her bosom as gradually she recognised the change that those few words of Mr. Oldham's had wrought in her thoughts, hopes, and plans, though all must necessarily be

kept to herself, and not allowed to influence her outside life. Still, this was not so hard as it might once have been: she had been gradually forced into keeping many things to herself: it was useless, worse than useless, to speak of them to her husband. She always intuitively kept from him perplexing and vexatious things; it would not be much more difficult to keep from him this good thing. Only for the present too: he would one day enjoy it all. And even now she brought back to him the welcome news of an addition to his salary; large enough, she fondly believed, to make him fully satisfied and content.

She was quite content. Before she had walked half a mile, the morning's events had grown to her an unmixed good, in which she rejoiced without a single drawback. She had no hesitation whatever in accepting the unexpected heirship. Mr. Oldham had no near kindred who could look for anything from him; and, even if he had, could he not do as he liked with his own? He was an old bachelor: no one had any claims upon him: he was free to leave his property as he chose. Nor in her maternal vanity did Mrs. Scanlan much wonder at his choice. She herself was of course merely nominal. She might be quite elderly before the fortune came to her, but it would assuredly come to her children; and who that looked at her César, her Louis, would not be glad to leave a fortune to such boys? In her heart, the mother considered Mr. Oldham a wise man as well as a generous.

After taking a slight circuit by the river-side, just to compose her mind, she walked through Ditchley town: walked with an erect bearing, afraid of meeting nobody. For was not the cheque in her pocket, and her future safe and sure? No such humiliation as had happened lately would ever happen to her again. Had not the cheque been made out to her husband, and requiring his endorsement, she would have paid great part of it away on the spot—this “painfully honest” woman, as Mr.

Scanlan sometimes called her. In the meantime, she went into every shop as she passed, and collected all her bills, saying she should go round and pay them early next morning.

Then she walked gaily across the common with her heart full of gratitude to both God and man. She felt kindly towards every creature living. A beggar whom she chanced to meet, she relieved, with silver instead of copper, this time. And every neighbour she met, instead of slipping away from, she stopped to speak to; gave and accepted several invitations; and talked and smiled so brightly that more than one person told her how very well she was looking. At which she did not wonder much; she felt as if henceforward she should always be well; as if her dark days were gone by for ever. We all have such seasons, and wonder at them when the dark days return again, as return they must: but they are very blessed at the time, and they leave a dim odour of happiness behind them which refreshes us more than we know.

When Mrs. Scanlan came to the door of her house—that small house in which she had lived so long, and might have to live—how much longer?—the first that ran out to meet her was her little daughter.

“Mamma, you bring good news!” cried the child, who was a wise child, and could already read, plain as a book, every expression of her mother’s face.

And then the mother recognised, for a moment like the touch of a thorn on her hand, the burthen which had been laid upon her, or rather which she had deliberately laid upon herself, in accepting Mr. Oldham’s secret and its conditions. She did bring good news; yet, for the first time, she could not tell them, could not ask her family to rejoice with her, except to a very limited extent. For the first time, she was obliged to prevaricate; to drop her conscious eyes before those of her own child—so clear, so earnest in their sympathy.

“Yes, my darling, I do bring good news. Mr. Oldham has been exceed-

ingly kind. He has done what I wanted. We shall be quite rich now."

For of course Adrienne knew of all the troubles—so did Bridget—so did the whole family. They were troubles of a kind not easily disguised: and, besides, Mr. Scanlan was so incautious and careless in his talk before both servant and children, that to keep things concealed from either was nearly impossible. Mrs. Scanlan had tried to do it as much as she could, especially when César and Adrienne, growing up a big boy and girl, began to enter into their mother's cares with a precocious anxiety painful to witness; but at last she gave up the attempt in despair, and let matters take their chance. Better they should know everything than take garbled statements or false and foolish notions into their little heads. Were not the children's souls in the mother's hand?—she believed so.

"Yes, Adrienne, my pet, you need not fret any more. Mr. Oldham has increased Papa's salary: we must all be grateful to him, and do as much as ever we can for him to the end of his days."

"Must we? Oh of course we will! But, Mamma, if, as Papa has just been telling me, the Rector has paid him far too little, why need we be so exceedingly grateful? It is but fair."

Mrs. Scanlan made no reply. Again the thorn pressed, and another, a much sharper-pricking thorn, which wounded her sometimes. When the father could get no better company, he used to talk to the children, particularly to Adrienne, and often put into the little innocent minds ideas and feelings which took the mother days and weeks to eradicate. She could not say plainly, "Your father has been telling you what is not true," or "Papa takes quite a mistaken idea of the matter, which is in reality so and so:" all she could do was to trust to her own strong influence, and that of time, in silently working things round. That daringly self-reliant, and yet pathetic motto of Philip II, "Time and I against any two," often rung in the

head of this poor, brave, lonely woman—forced into unnatural unwomanliness, until sometimes she almost hated herself, and thought, could she meet herself like any other person, Josephine Scanlan would have been the last person she would have cared to know!

"Adrienne, we will not discuss the question of fairness just now. Enough, that Mr. Oldham is a very good man, whom both Papa and I exceedingly respect and like."

"I don't think Papa likes him; for he is always laughing at him and his oddities."

"We often laugh at people for whom we feel most kindly," said Mrs. Scanlan, formally, as if enunciating a moral axiom;—and then, while drawing the little thin arms round her neck, and noticing the prematurely eager and anxious face, she thought that her frail, delicate flower would never be broken by the sharp blasts of poverty, came with such a tide of thankfulness that Josephine felt she could bear any other trouble now. Ay, even the difficult task of meeting her husband, and telling him only half that was in her mind: of having afterwards, for an indefinite time, to go on walking and talking, eating and sleeping beside him, carrying on their ordinary daily life, conscious every instant of the secret so momentous, which she dared not in the smallest degree betray.

Yet she was on the point of betraying it within the first half-hour.

Edward Scanlan had seized upon the cheque with the eagerness of a boy. One of the excuses his wife often made for him was, that in many things he was so very boy-like still: and could not be judged by the laws which regulate duty to a man, now considerably past thirty, a husband and the father of a family,—for he seemed as if he had never been born to carry the weight of these "incumbrances." Delightedly he looked at the sum, which represented to his sanguine mind an income of unlimited capacity. He began reckoning up all he wanted—for himself and the household; and had spent half the money already

in imagination, while his wife was telling him how she had obtained it.

On this head, however, he was not inquisitive. It was obtained, and that was enough. He never noticed the blanks in her story, her many hesitations, her sad shamefacedness, and her occasional caresses, as if she wished to atone for some unconscious wrong done towards him, which her tender conscience could not help grieving for, even though he himself might neither feel it nor know it.

But when she told him of all she had done in Ditchley as she passed, and of the large sum she was to pay away the following morning, Mr. Scanlan was exceedingly displeased.

"What a ridiculous hurry you are in! As if those impertinent fellows could not wait a little, after having bothered us so much. I've a great mind not to pay them for ever so long, only that would look so odd in a clergyman."

"Or in any man," said the wife quietly. "Here is the list of what we owe; we must think twice, you see, before we lay out the remainder."

"What, are you going to pay away all that money at once? Why, you might as well have brought me home nothing at all! We shall be none the better for Oldham's 'generosity,' as you call it. Generosity, indeed! When you were at it, Josephine, and he allowed you *carte blanche*, why in the world didn't you ask him for a little more?"

Josephine rose in warm indignation. "Ask him for more, when he has already given us so much? When he is going to give us——"

Everything, she was about to say, but stopped herself just in time. Not, however, before Edward's sharp ears—I have already said, he was at once careless and cunning in money matters—had caught the word.

"Given us what? More silk gowns, or books for the children, or garden-stuff for the house? These are his principal sort of gifts—mere rubbish! He never gives anything to me: never seems to consider the sacrifice I am making every

day I stay on in stupid Ditchley. And yet he must know my value, or he never would have increased my salary as he has done to-day. It is just a conscience twinge, or because he knows he could not get anybody else to do my work for the money."

"You know he could, Edward. He told me plainly that for half your salary he could get twenty curates to-morrow."

"But not a curate like me?"

Mrs. Scanlan looked silently at her husband. Perhaps she was taking his measure; perhaps she had taken it long ago; and accepted the fact that, whatever he was, he was her husband—possessed of certain qualities which he could no more help than he could the colour of his hair; a rather lofty estimate of the individual called Edward Scanlan was one of them.

"Don't you think, Edward, that instead of arguing about our blessings in this way, we had better accept them, and be thankful for them? I am, I know."

But no, the mean soul is never thankful. Into its capacious maw endless benefits from heaven and from man—that is, from heaven through man—may be poured, and still the cry is continually, "Give, give!" and the moment the gifts stop, the murmurs begin again.

Before Edward Scanlan had ended his first five minutes of rejoicing over his unexpectedly large cheque, he began to feel annoyed that it was not larger. It was not until his wife, watching him with those clear, righteous eyes of hers, made him feel a little ashamed of himself, that he vouchsafed to own she had "done pretty well" in her mission of the morning.

"A hard day's work, too, it was, my dear; a long walk and a good deal of talking. You are a very good wife to me, and I owe you much."

Josephine smiled. Yes, it had been a hard day's work to her, and he did owe her much; rather more than he knew. It is astonishing how often people apologize for errors never com-

mitted and wrongs never perceived; while the real errors, the most cruel wrongs, are not even guessed at by the parties concerned in the infliction of them.

While Mrs. Scanlan busied herself in preparing the tea or in holding baby Catherine while Bridget laid the cloth, —Bridget, who of course had quickly learned everything, and hovered about her mistress with eyes of rapturous congratulation and admiration,—it did occur to her that there must be something a little wrong somewhere; that there was an incongruousness, almost amounting to the ludicrous, in the Rector's future heiress doing all these menial duties. But the idea amused more than perplexed her: and ere many hours had passed the whole thing seemed to grow so unreal, that next morning when she woke up she almost imagined she had dreamt it all.

When, a few days after, Mr. Oldham paid his customary visit to Wren's Nest, she took an opportunity of expressing her gratitude for all his kindness, and slightly reverted to his last words over the garden gate: but he stopped her at once.

"Never refer to that again. Perhaps I was a fool to tell you, but it's done now. Only mind, let all be as if I never had told you."

"I am sorry—if your reasons——"

"My reasons are, that few men like to be reminded of their own death; I don't. I shall keep to my bargain, Mrs. Scanlan; but if you ever name it again, to me or to any other creature, it is cancelled. Remember, a will can be burnt as easily as made."

"Certainly," replied Josephine, though with a sense of humiliation that was almost agony. Mingled with it came a sudden fear, the faint cold fear of the shipwrecked sailor who has seen a speck on the horizon which looks like a sail, and may turn out to be no sail at all, or else drifts away from him—and then? Nevertheless, she had self-control enough to say calmly, "I quite understand you, Mr. Oldham, and I should wish you

always to do exactly what you think right."

"I believe that, Madame, and I am accordingly doing it," said the old man, with a return to his ordinary suave politeness, and calling one of the children in to the conference so that it could not possibly be continued.

It never was either continued or revived. The Rector's silence on the subject was so complete, that oftentimes during the long months and years which followed, Josephine could scarcely force herself to believe there was any truth in what he had told her, or that it was not entirely the product of her own vivid imagination.

But, at first, she accepted her good fortune with fulness of faith, and rejoiced in it unlimitedly. It was such an innocent rejoicing too; it harmed nobody: took away from nobody's blessings. The fortune must come to some one; the good old man could not carry it away with him; he would enjoy it to the full as long as he lived, and by the time death touched him, he would just drop off like the last leaf from the bough, perhaps not sorry to go, and gladdened in his final hour by the feeling that his death would benefit other lives, young and bright, ready to take up the ended hope, and carry it triumphantly on to future generations.

That desire of founding a family, of living again in her posterity, was I think peculiarly strong in Josephine Scanlan. The passionate instinct of motherhood—perhaps the deepest instinct women have—(and God knows they need to have it, to help them along that thorny path which every mother has trod since mother Eve)—in her did not end with her own children. She sometimes sat and dreamed of her future race, the new generations that should be born of her, impressed with her soul and body,—for she rather admired her bodily self, it was so like her father,—dreamed of them as poets dream of fame and conquerors of glory. She often looked at her César,—who, after the law by which nature so often reproduces the

father in the daughter, and again in the daughter's son, was an almost startling likeness of the old Vicomte de Bougainville,—and thought, with a joy she could scarcely repress, of the old race revived, though the name was gone; of her boy inheriting fortune and position enough to maintain the dignity of that race before all the world.

And then César was such a good boy, simple-minded, dutiful; chivalric and honourable in all his feelings; so exactly after the old type of the De Bougainvilles, who had once fought for their country as bravely as at last, for religion's sake, they fled from it; sustaining through all reverses the true nobility, which found its outlet in the old Vicomte's favourite motto, "*Noblesse oblige.*" Josephine watched the lad growing taller and handsomer, bolder and stronger, month by month and year by year, much as Sarah must have watched Isaac; seeing in him not only Isaac her son, but Isaac the child of promise, and the father of unborn millions.

I think Mrs. Scanlan must have been very happy about this time. Her worldly load was temporarily taken off her shoulders. She had enough and to spare. She could pay all her debts, and give her children many comforts that had long been lacking. She had not the sharp sense of angry pain which she used to experience, ever and anon, when, after waiting week after week till she could fairly afford Adrienne a new warm cloak, or César a pair of winter boots, their father would come in quite cheerily, and claim her admiration for a heap of musty volumes; valuable and expensive theological works which he had just purchased: not that he wanted to read them, he was no great reader at any time, but "they looked so well for a clergyman to have in his library." And when she remonstrated, he would argue how much better food for the mind was than clothes for the body; and how a good wife ought always to prefer her husband's tastes to her children's. And it was so easy to talk, and Edward Scan-

lan's arguments were so voluminous, that sometimes he half convinced his wife she was in the wrong; till, left alone, her honest conscience went back with a bound, like a half-strung bow, to the old conviction. She knew not how to say it, but somehow she felt it, and all the eloquence in the world could not convince her that black was white, or perhaps only grey,—very delicately and faintly grey.

But now, the sunshine of hope which had fallen across her path, or still more her future path, seemed to warm Josephine's nature through and through, and make her more lenient towards every one, especially her husband. She felt drawn to him by a reviving tenderness, which he might have a little missed of late had he been a sensitive man: but he was not. His wrongs and unhappinesses were more of the material than spiritual kind—more for himself than for other people. He regretted extremely his children's shabby clothes, but it never struck him to be anxious because their minds were growing up more ill-clad than their bodies. For they had little or no education; and for society scarcely any beyond Bridget's and their mother's. They might have had worse—at any rate.

Mr. Scanlan was exceedingly troubled about the present, because the luxuries of life were so terribly wanting at Wren's Nest: but he rarely perplexed himself about the future of his family. Whatever pleased him at the time, he did, and was satisfied with doing: he never looked ahead, not for a single day. "Take no thought for the morrow" was a favourite text of his whenever his wife expressed any anxiety. What on earth could she find to be anxious about?—she was not the bread-winner of the family. It was he who had to bear all these burthens, and very sincerely he pitied himself; so much so, that at times his wife pitied him too, believing him, not untruly, to be one of those characters whose worst faults are eliminated by adversity. For the fact that

"Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making
poor,"

was not then credited by Josephine Scanlan. She still felt that the man of Uz was supreme in his afflictions; and often she read the Book of Job with a strange sort of sympathy. True, she did not understand half Job's trials—"her children were with her in the house;" her "candle" was still "in its place"—that bright light of contentment which illumined all the poverty of Wren's Nest. Health was there too: for the lightly-fed and hardly-worked enjoy oftentimes a wonderful immunity from sickness. But still it seemed to her that these blessings were not so very blessed, or lack of money neutralized them all, at least with regard to her husband.

His complainings, she fondly hoped, would be quieted by prosperity: when they had a larger house, and she could get the children out of his way in some distant nursery; when he had more servants to wait upon him, more luxuries to gratify him, and fewer opportunities of growing discontented by the daily contrast between his neighbours' wealth and his own poverty. For, unfortunately, there were not many "poor" people in Ditchley—society being composed of the county families, the well-off townsfolk, and the working classes. And Mr. Scanlan was always more prone to compare himself with those above him than those below him, wondering why Providence had not more equally balanced things, and why those stupid squires and contented shopkeepers should have so much money to do what they liked with, and he so little—he whose likings were of such a refined and superior order, that it seemed a sin and shame they should be denied gratification.

For, as he reasoned, and his wife tried to reason too, his pleasures were all so harmless. He was no drunkard—though he liked a glass of wine well enough; he seldom philandered with young ladies, except in the mildest clerical way; was never long absent from home; and, as

for his extraordinary talent for getting rid of money, he got rid of it certainly in no wicked way; but scattered it about more with the innocent recklessness of a child than the deliberate extravagance of a man. It was hard to stint him: still harder to blame him: much easier to blame "circumstances"—which made all the difference between a harmless amusement and a serious error. When he was a rich man, he would be quite different.

At least so thought his wife, and tried to excuse him, and make the best of him, and believe in all his possible capacities for good; also in the actual good there was in him, which might have satisfied some people, who are content to accept as virtue the mere negation of vice, or to rule their affections by the safe law which I have heard enunciated by mediocre goodness concerning absolute badness: "Why should I dislike the man when he has never harmed me?" But to a woman whose standard of right was distinct from any personal benefit received by her, or personal injury done to her; who loved for love's sake, and hated only where she despised; who had begun life with a high ideal, and a passionate necessity for its realization in all her dear ones, especially the dearest and closest of all—her husband—to such an one, what must this kind of married life have been?

Still, her heart grew tenderer over the father of her children. She saw him, and all he did—or rather all he left undone—in the fairest light. When he grumbled, she took it very patiently, more patiently than usual: thinking with satisfaction of her comfortable secret—how all these annoyances were only temporary; how he would by and by become a rich man, able to indulge himself as he chose. For in her heart she liked to see her husband happy—liked to give him any lawful pleasures; and minister even to his whims and vagaries, when this could be done conscientiously, without her having the pang of knowing that every selfish luxury of the father's was taking the very

bread out of the mouths of the children. Not that he did this intentionally; but he did do it: because the even balance and necessity of things was a matter Edward Scanlan could never be taught to understand.

Still, he was very good, on the whole, for some time after he received this addition to his income. It allowed him more pleasures; it lessened his wife's cares, and made her less obliged to contradict him. She grew softer in her manner to him—and Edward Scanlan was one who thought much about outside manner, without troubling himself to investigate what feelings lay beneath. In their mutual relief of mind, the husband and wife drew nearer together—dangerously so, for the preservation of Mr. Oldham's secret.

Righteous hypocrite as she fully believed she was, Mrs. Scanlan often felt herself to be a terrible hypocrite after all. Twenty times a day she longed to throw her arms round her husband's neck, and whisper that she had a secret—though one which did not injure him, quite the contrary! Whenever he was vexed about little things, she thirsted to tell him that his poverty days would not last for ever—that she would by and by be a rich heiress, able to give him all he wanted, and rejoice in the giving. That keenest joy of wealth—to lavish it upon others—flashed out sometimes from the distant future, with a glow that lightened for her many a present gloom.

Still, things were hard now and then, and she had many a twinge of conscience as to how far she was doing right, and what her husband would think of her when he really knew all, as he necessarily must, some day. More than once she definitively resolved to go and speak to the Rector—whether he liked it or not; unburthen herself of all her doubts, and implore him to free her from her promise, and take away this load from her heart—a load heavier than he, as a bachelor, could comprehend. Little he knew how fatal to happiness is any concealment between married people, whose chief strength and surest consol-

tion lies in being, for good and ill, absolutely and perfectly one.

With this intent Josephine had actually one day put on her bonnet, meaning to go to pay a visit to the Rectory, ostensibly to excuse herself and the children from a tea-party there—a feast on the lawn—the year had again come round to the time of open-air delights—when her husband entered the room, and asked her where she was going.

Her answer was, of course, the truth, though not, alas! the whole truth.

"Excuse yourself from the Rectory feast? What a ridiculous thing! To decline Mr. Oldham's invitation, because the children had an engagement elsewhere—at a common farmhouse too!"

Still, Josephine reasoned, it was a prior engagement; and the people at the farm had been very kind to the children.

"But they are such unimportant people. Annoying them does not matter; now annoying Mr. Oldham does. I never noticed the thing much till lately, when some neighbour or other put it into my head; but Oldham does seem to have taken an extraordinary fancy for our children."

"They are very good children," said the mother, with a slight trembling of the voice.

"Oh yes, of course. And pretty too—some of them. Don't be up in arms on their account, Mamma, as if I were always crying them down. I see their good points just as much as you do. And if the old fellow really has taken a liking to them, I'm sure I don't object to your cultivating him as much as ever you like."

"Cultivating him!—"

"I mean—with an eye to his leaving them something. He can't live for ever; and when he dies, some small sum—even a hundred or two—would be a great help to us."

Josephine stood dumb. Oh if she had had the free, clear conscience of a year ago, how indignantly she would have repudiated such a motive! as she used to do all other similar motives

of self-interest or expediency, which her husband occasionally suggested to her. For this lavish, frank-spoken, open-hearted young Celt had also the true Celtic characteristic of never being blind to his own interests. Careless as he was, he knew quite well on which side his bread was buttered; and under all his reckless generosity lay a stratum of meanness: which indeed is generally found a necessary adjunct to the afore-said qualities.

He noticed his wife's silence: at which his sensitive love of approbation—to call it by a lighter name than vanity—immediately took offence.

"You think that was a wrong thing of me to say? But you always do find fault with any new ideas of mine. You would like everything to originate with yourself?"

Josephine answered only the first half of his sentence. "I think it wrong to 'cultivate' anybody for the sake of what you can get out of him. And you know the proverb, 'It's ill waiting for dead men's shoes.'"

"But how can one help it, when one has to go barefoot?"

"Which is not exactly our case, Edward. We have as much as we require; and we need not be beholden to any man—thank God!"

"You are thankful for small mercies," said Edward Scanlan, bitterly—very bitterly for a clergyman. "But, putting aside the future, don't you think Mr. Oldham might do something for us at present, if he knew we wanted help? For instance, last Sunday, in the vestry, he was preaching to me a little extra sermon about César, noticing what a big boy he was growing, and asking me what I intended to do with him—when he was to go to school, and where? Rather impertinent interference, I thought."

"He meant it well," said Mrs. Scanlan, humbly, and with averted eyes: afraid of betraying in any way the comfort it was to find out that the Rector was not indifferent to a fact which had haunted herself for many cruel weeks—

how her handsome, manly César was growing up in a state of rough ignorance, lamentable in any gentleman's son, and especially to be deplored in one who might have to fill a good position in society, where he would one day bitterly feel every defect in education.

"Meant well? Oh, of course a rector is always supposed to mean well towards a curate, or the poor curate is obliged to take it so, as I shall. But my idea was this: that since he is so anxious that the lad should be well educated—which we cannot possibly afford—perhaps, if the matter were cleverly put before him—and you have such a clever way of doing things, dearest—Mr. Oldham might send César to school himself."

Josephine started. "I do not quite understand you," she said.

No—sometimes she really did not understand her husband. She found herself making egregious mistakes concerning him and his motives. To put a most sad thing in a ludicrous light, (as how often do we not do in this world?) her position was like that of the great cat trying to get through the little cat's hole: her large nature was perpetually at fault in calculating the smallness of his.

"Not understand! Why, Josephine, the thing is as plain as a pikestaff. Don't you see how much we should save if Mr. Oldham could be induced to send César to school at his own expense? It is no uncommon thing. Many a rich man has done it for a poor man's son, who turned out a credit to him afterwards: as César might, and then the obligation would be rather on Mr. Oldham's side, in my having consented to the thing. Indeed," growing warmer as he argued, "it would be a very good thing on both sides. And I could then afford to pay that visit to London which Summerhayes is always bothering me about, and considers would be such an advantage to myself and the family."

Still Josephine was silent; but her face clouded over and hardened into the expression which her husband knew well enough, and was in his secret heart

a little afraid of. He was thus far a good fellow—he respected and loved his good wife very sincerely.

"I see you don't like either of these notions of mine, my dear, especially about César. You know Mr. Oldham pretty well, perhaps even better than I do. If you think he would take offence at such a hint——"

"I should never dream of hinting anything to Mr. Oldham. If I wanted to ask of him a kindness, I should ask it direct, and I believe he would grant it. But to beg from him indirectly the help which we do not really need——"

"We do need it. César must go to school. I want to go to London. And we can't do both, you say."

"No, we cannot. It is impossible. But it is equally impossible for us to accept favours, or beg for any, from Mr. Oldham."

"So you say, but I entirely differ from you. It is no favour: the labourer is worthy of his hire."

"And the beggar is worthy of both his kicks and his half-pence. But, Edward, I will take neither. You know my mind. Many a free, honest, honourable kindness may one man have to owe to another, and both be benefited thereby; but to ask from another anything that by any amount of personal sacrifice one could do for oneself, is a meanness I have not been used to. My father never would stoop to it, nor shall my son."

Quietly as she said them, they were stinging words: such as she could use on occasions. She was not a stupid woman, nor a tame woman; and in her youth, the "soft answer," which is often woman's best strength, did not always come. She was fierce against wrong rather than patient with it—outraged and indignant where it might have been wiser to be quietly brave. Though not too thin-skinned, ordinarily, to-day her husband winced as if she had been whipping him with nettles. For he knew what an idol Josephine's father had been to her, and how well the noble old nobleman

had deserved that worship. Poor Edward Scanlan was a little cowed even before the dim ghost of the dead Vicomte de Bougainville.

"Your father—your son. Then your husband may do anything he chooses? You won't care. He, of course, is quite an inferior being."

"Edward, hush! The child!"

For Adrienne had put her tiny pale face in at the bedroom door, outside which she often hovered like an anxious spirit when her father and mother were talking.

"The child may hear it all," said Mr. Scanlan, glad to escape from a difficulty. "Look here, Adrienne, the difference between your mother and me is this: I want you to go to the Rectory to-morrow—she wishes to take you to the farm—which should you like best?"

The perplexed child looked from one parent to the other. "I thought, Papa, you did not care for Mr. Oldham: you are always finding fault with him, or laughing at him."

"What a sharp child it is!" said Mr. Scanlan, extremely amused. "Never mind, Adrienne, whether I like Mr. Oldham or not; I wish you to go and see him whenever he asks you: and always be sure to pay him particular attention, for he may be very useful to both me and my family."

"Yes, Papa," replied innocent Adrienne, though not without a shy glance at her mother for assent and approval.

The mother stepped forward, pale and firm, but with a fierce light glittering in her eyes:

"Yes, Adrienne, I too wish you to pay Mr. Oldham all proper attention, because he is a good man who has heaped us all with kindnesses; because, though we will never ask any more from him, we cannot show sufficient gratitude for those we have already received. Therefore, since Papa particularly desires it, we will give up the farm and go to the Rectory."

"Thank you, my dearest, you are very good," said Edward Scanlan, quite satisfied and mollified; and on leaving

the room he went over to his wife, and kissed her. She received the kiss, but let him depart without a word.

Then, taking off her bonnet, Josephine put it by, mechanically rolling up the strings, a habit she had to make them last the longer—and did various other thing about her drawers in an absent sort of way—never noticing the childish eyes which followed her every motion. But always silently—Adrienne was such a very quiet child. Not until the mother sat down on the bed-side, and put her hands over her dry, hot eyes, with a heavy sigh, did she feel her little daughter creeping behind her, to clasp around her neck cool, soft arms.

"Maman, Maman,"—the French version of the word,—with the slight French accentuation of the first syllable, such as her children generally used when they petted her.

Mrs. Scanlan turned round and hid her forehead on the little bosom—leaving a wet place where her eyes had lain, on the coarse blue pinafore.

She said nothing to Adrienne, of course : and henceforth she carefully avoided naming to her husband the subject of César's going to school. But she made up her mind when it should be done, and how, during those ten silent minutes in her bedroom. And from that day the idea of asking Mr. Oldham's permission to tell her husband of their future prospects altogether passed from her mind. No ; the Rector was right in his judgment : she herself was the only safe depository of the secret. She locked it closer than ever in her heart, and returned to her old solitude of spirit—the worst of all solitudes—that which does not appear outside.

To be continued.

THE CRISIS IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY FREDERICK NAPIER BROOME.

NEW ZEALAND affairs are attracting more attention in England than those of any other of our colonies; nor is this to be wondered at when we consider its critical condition, and the near relation in which it stands to ourselves. It is our youngest colony; a native-born generation has hardly yet had time to grow up there, and the home-ties and home-memories of the vast majority of settlers connect them still with the mother-country by feelings warmer than mere allegiance. And this sympathy passes and re-passes, for one can hardly enter a house among us where some friend or relation is not spoken of who has found his or her way out to New Zealand. This of course is a high advantage to the colony, but it tells also the other way, for it leads a great number of persons to consider their opinion, based on letters or hearsay, worth giving and having, and in society and even in the press to speak or write with a confidence and authority which is very imposing to those who know nothing about the matter, but very impertinent and ridiculous to the few who are able and willing to place the colony in a true light.

The present difficulties of New Zealand are so complex that any attempt to explain or resolve them is vain, and worse than useless, unless undertaken with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and in a spirit of impartiality; and these two things are very rarely conjoined, for generally speaking those who know most are partisans, whilst those who are impartial are ill-informed. Colonists themselves are the last people to be trusted; it is very true of the greater part of them that where their treasure is there their heart is also. A Middle islander will be vehement against the whole native policy of the Colonial Government, and against any war loan or Imperial guarantee; he himself is at

no risk or danger: all his desire is to curb the expenditure in the North, of which he has to pay the largest share. The creed of a North islander will depend on his province; if he has lived in the disturbed districts he calls on his fellow-colonists, he calls on the mother-country, to spend money and send soldiers for the safety and well-being of himself and his community. And these principal divisions are split into parties still more local: the political belief of every province is moulded and modified, as is only natural, by its own peculiar circumstances. A flagrant instance of this occurs in the Blue Book recently issued by the Colonial Office. Mr. Graham, a leading Auckland settler, writes endorsing Lord Granville's late refusal on the part of the Home Government to guarantee a fresh colonial loan; he improves the occasion by referring the bulk of the native troubles to the change of the seat of government from his own city to Wellington, and pleads for a separate governor and government for the north part of the North island. This would no doubt benefit his own province just as much as it would benefit any parish to have its church turned into a cathedral with all the endowments and belongings of Bishop, Dean, and Canons; but, taking the general welfare of the two islands into consideration, it is childishly selfish and futile. Thus we see that experience and residence in a country go for worse than nothing when accompanied by merely local and near-sighted perceptions. We shall now attempt to state clearly the condition of New Zealand; and if in our anxiety of explanation any of our readers find us now and then informing them of what they know already, they must remember that all are not as wise as themselves, and that no geographical or political blunder in matters relating

to New Zealand is too gross to harbour in the minds of men who have at their fingers' ends the most accurate and minute historical detail respecting an Ægean island or an Achaian city.

New Zealand, then, to begin at the beginning, consists of two islands, called respectively North and Middle; there is a third, Stewart's Island, to the south, but this is so small and unimportant that it may be considered as merged in the Middle island, which is usually termed "The South." The natives also may be said to be entirely confined to the North; for, although in the Middle island there are a few hundreds, these, besides being of a tribe or caste inferior to their northern brethren, are, as they live in an open country among some hundred thousand white men, docile subjects of Her Majesty, and turn an honest penny by farming their reserved lands, and going out sheep-shearing for the stock-owners. The reader must remember, then, that the Middle island has nothing whatever to do with the native rebellion except to pay for its suppression; it is purely a pastoral and agricultural colony, and has never been garrisoned by soldiers; it is settled throughout its length and breadth, while a great part of the best land of the North island is in the hands of the natives, or *Maories*, which is their generic name, the first syllable being pronounced as rhyming to the word "how." The two islands are divided into nine provinces, each of which is furnished with a complete machinery of local government, consisting of a Superintendent, an Executive, and a Provincial Council; these administer the internal affairs of their respective provinces, and deal with certain funds. Wellington, in the North island, is the seat of the Federal or, as it is called, General Government, which consists of a Governor, a Ministry, a Legislative Council (whose members are styled "honourable," and which is a kind of House of Lords), and a House of Assembly, which represents the whole colony, and answers to our House of Commons. We will now con-

fine ourselves for a while to the Middle island. To give a clear idea of its present condition, it is necessary to go back a few years, before its extraordinary career of prosperity first received a check.

Up to about four years ago, the price of stock throughout the five provinces of the Middle island continued high, stimulated latterly by the discovery of successive gold-fields. Soon after this date, however, the gradual crowding of the pastures began to tell on the market, and prices declined, going down from bad to worse: such is the fall, that at the present time sheep that were once worth thirty shillings a head can be bought for five; land, also, which speculation and prosperity had pushed to a value altogether fictitious, sank to about one-third of its former price; wheat shared in the depression, many of the most reputedly solvent merchants and squatters went through the Bankruptcy Court, and the great majority of the remainder were crippled by heavy losses. The land sales, to which the provinces look chiefly for their revenue, dwindled to a fraction of their former amount, and some of the local governments could hardly find money to pay their officials. In short, what was once prosperity became a struggle for existence. All this while, the export of wool and gold continued, but the price of the former has sunk one-half, and the whole community publicly and privately is so weighted by liabilities, that the mere figures of export and revenue are no criterion of wealth, since so much of government and individual income is consumed in paying interest on loans and mortgages. In addition to its own separate disasters the native expenditure of the general government year by year pressed heavier on the Middle island, which, it must be remembered, has to find seven out of every ten pounds spent for war purposes. Its colonists cried out for separation. "We," they said, "have no natives: why should our uttermost farthing be wasted in the fruitless and interminable attempt of the North to coerce them?" Failing to obtain separation, they sent their representatives to Wellington pledged to

resist and reduce all outlay on native affairs as much as possible; it was in the Middle island that the self-reliant policy originated, and its advocates exerted all their parliamentary strength to get rid of the soldiers, not with any ambition of waging independent warfare, but because they thought that, once let the colony be quit of the troops, there would be an end to the expenditure, or at least a diminution in it corresponding to the difference in cost between several thousand soldiers and the four or five hundred policemen which they considered would be a sufficient force to control the natives. The self-reliant politicians carried the day, for the Middle island is numerically the strongest in the Legislature, and the troops went, all but a single regiment left to do garrison duty.

The Southern or Middle island press hailed the new order of things as the commencement of a golden age in New Zealand affairs. "Now, at last," it said, "Imperial mismanagement has come to an end, soon the colonists will show England how a few hundred efficient constabulary, armed and equipped at the cost of a few thousand pounds, can do more than ten thousand troops and three millions of money. No doubt the Home Government has acted according to its lights, and done its best; but its best has turned out to be of no avail, and it is folly and madness to go on pouring Middle island gold into the sieve of a Northern war carried on independently of those who have to pay for the best part of it." And then the discussion arose as to the number of constabulary necessary; some said fifteen hundred would suffice, others that five hundred would easily keep the natives in hand, and it was no use paying for an extra man. Meanwhile the natives were quiet, some hundreds of police were enrolled and quartered at the out-settlements of the North island, and the Colonial Parliament—sublimely unconscious of their weakness—began surveying and selling the confiscated lands, which had been acquired by the sword, and, as it soon turned out, would

have to be dealt with by strength or hand rather than strokes of the pen.

However, with one or two exceptions, the natives continued tranquil for some time; no serious outbreak occurred till August of last year, so that the Government had ample leisure to complete their arrangements. It must be confessed that the difficulties they had to contend with were great; there were not wanting men in the North island who saw clearly enough that a few hundred constables dispersed in different parts of the country were very well in time of peace, but that they would be altogether unable to cope with a serious outbreak; but the South, as the Middle island is usually termed, would in no way consent to the maintenance of a considerable force, and ever since the present troubles began it has been vigilant and vigorous in repressing expenditure on native affairs. But yet money, and a great deal of money, has had to be spent; and the Southern provinces, compelled to practise the strictest internal economy, witness with growing discontent the enrolling of a costly constabulary, and are dismayed at the evident signs of a protracted war.

Thus the present position of the Middle island in itself, and towards the North and the native difficulty, is as follows. It is suffering from the effects of a great and general depreciation of property, and consequent stagnation of trade; its finances are crippled, it can no longer afford to import emigrants—the one thing needful—or to engage in the public works requisite to open up the country; added to this the mass of private embarrassment is incredible, unencumbered property of any description is hard to be found, and in many instances farms and sheep-stations are in debt to their full value. The consequence of this state of things is that the Southern members of the House of Assembly at Wellington grudge every penny spent on the native war, and with their various projects and panaceas for the settlement of Maori affairs thwart and hamper the Government, often preventing effective action by enforcing a

rigid economy. But we must remember that the Middle island is not hoarding its money; it is only protesting in its poverty against any increase to the debt which is already a millstone round the neck of the colony. And yet the expenditure must go on and the money must be found; the Middle island, as far as we can see, must suffer resignedly; New Zealand must bear its "native difficulty" on both shoulders.

But while we have broadly stated the case as regards the Middle island, our readers must not suppose that political parties in New Zealand are as compact and well defined as they are at home. The ruling desire of the Middle island is, as we have said, to keep its money to itself for its own purposes; but the native question, after all, touches it too nearly to allow it to affect indifference or neutrality: accordingly we find the Southern papers expressing very decided and often very violent and extreme opinions on Maori affairs. Sometimes they are for letting the natives alone, giving up the confiscated lands, prohibiting the settlement of outlying districts, and standing on the defensive. This, the waiting policy, is inexpensive, and has a great deal to recommend it; but there are many difficulties in the way of its adoption. Already land subject to Maori inroads is sold and occupied, and the natives after a massacre or murder cannot be allowed to retire quietly into their own territory. Sometimes we find the South upbraiding the Government for sloth and incompetence, and urging on them active and severe measures. Of course after each fresh disaster opinion of every sort flames up to a white heat, and quiet expression is exchanged for menace or adjuration. We will select an instance of this from a Dunedin (Middle island) newspaper. Dunedin is the chief town of the large province of Otago; and when the news of the massacre at Poverty Bay, a settlement on the east coast of the North island, reached it, a public meeting was convened for the declaration of opinion on the subject. We must admit that

the grotesque and incoherent speech we are about to quote was not endorsed by the journal in which it is inserted; still it was made by a leading colonist, who doubtless had his followers. It is an exquisite specimen of stump oratory. "Mr. Grant, who was received with cheers, said: 'I hope you will give me five minutes' patient hearing. This is a sorrowful subject. It is the Hau Hau question again. We are again pottering in this Maori war, and the youngest native will in all probability descend to the sepulchre, and still the Maori war will be raging. Without any explosive exhalations we should come at once to the kernel. Gentlemen, I have been reading a speech of Mr. Gladstone's, who computes the cost to Great Britain of the release of twenty-seven imprudent but well-fed captives by the late Theodore, at no less a sum than 5,000,000*l*. Do we not find that fifty-four of our sisters and brethren have been cruelly massacred like the poor Highlanders of Glencoe? Their bodies were literally thrown to the dogs, their bones now lie unburied on the naked shores of the North, and Tito Kowaru reigns supreme. Now this is the time, indeed, to sound the tocsin and alarm Great Britain through the mail. Let us tell the people that they must come forward and rescue the country, that they must take the North island under their own control, and send out Sir Robert Napier. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) Let them suspend the mongrel constitution of the North island, let them declare it a military settlement, and abolish the cumbrous General and Provincial Governments, who have been fighting like two Kilkenny cats for some time past. Gentlemen, there is mentioned in natural history a certain animal that exhales deleterious odours that may be smelt a mile off, and, perhaps, if some of our official mongrels were sent to the front, they might stink the Maoris out. I consider that the British Government is under a moral obligation to take the North island

"under its own wing; to exterminate the savage race, and restore order and loyalty within the bounds of the colony. I wish to move the following resolution." Mr. Grant's resolution implored England to come and stamp out the rebellion, exterminate the natives, and confer a rational constitution "on this quack-ridden colony."

To turn to the North island. Eighteen months ago, Sir George Grey, on giving up the government to his successor, congratulated himself in a despatch to the Secretary of State on the tranquillity in which he was able to leave the island. Six months, however, after this was written, the series of outbreaks and massacres commenced which have continued up to the last advices. The Colonial Government soon found that a little war was after all not so easy or so inexpensive to conduct. Their constabulary, raw and untrained, met with serious reverses; and as they had not a sufficient force to guard at once all points, every now and then the natives surprised and murdered some exposed settlers. A few details of the outbreaks will show without any comment the nature of the rebels, and the inability of a limited force of colonial constabulary to cope with them. One of the first occurrences which disturbed the peace of Sir George Bowen's reign was the escape of the native prisoners confined at the Chatham Islands, and their landing on the coast of the North island; these were the ruffians who shortly afterwards perpetrated the Poverty Bay massacre. Some circumstances of this, and the surprise of a post held by the constabulary, will show how ill fitted the colonists were to undertake all at once the management of military affairs, and how readily the natives took advantage of this incapacity.

The escape of native prisoners is an old story in New Zealand. From an island in Auckland harbour and a hulk in Wellington harbour natives had not long before been allowed, through the grossest carelessness, to break loose and escape to the mainland; and this, one would think, ought to have taught the

Government a lesson; however, notwithstanding their former experience, they confined 170 of the fiercest Hau Haus, together with their women and children, at the Chatham Islands, under a guard of not more than a dozen constables. There they appear to have been subject to no restraint whatever, though it is true that the officer in charge of them applied to the Government for more men and was refused. The little township in one of the bays of the Chatham Islands contained 70 or 80 European inhabitants; there were a redoubt and a gaol for its defence and the control of the prisoners; but no military or police system appears to have been enforced, no guards mounted, and no doors locked. On the morning of the 4th of July of last year the port was in a bustle, for the *Rifleman* schooner had just arrived from Wellington with Government stores, and some boats rowed by prisoners were passing backwards and forwards unloading her. The officer in charge was writing in his office, and a number of the prisoners were standing about the redoubt waiting for the boats to return, when Te Kooti, since so notorious, gave a signal, and the natives rushed at the constables, threw them on the ground, and tied their hands and legs with flax. Captain Thomas, the officer, hearing the disturbance, came towards the redoubt—his office appears to have been outside it—and asked, "What does all this mean?" He was answered by being thrown violently on the ground and handcuffed and bound with flax, and finally with the constables and some of the settlers locked up in the gaol. Te Kooti and his fellow-prisoners were now masters of the situation. They took all the firearms and ammunition they could lay hands on, as well as money and other portable property, including 400*l.* out of the Government chest, and boarding the *Rifleman* placed the mate and crew under guard, while they brought from the shore their women and children. They then ordered the mate to make sail for Poverty Bay, promising to spare the lives of the crew and surrender

the ship as soon as they were landed. The voyage occupied a week; the Maories were in high spirits, constantly laughing, and evidently pluming themselves on having so easily outwitted the too-confiding white man. They were quiet throughout the passage, but an armed guard walked the deck day and night narrowly watching the movements of the crew, and a Maori stood by the helm with carbine and sword, to see that the proper course was steered. On their meeting with a head wind, Te Kooti ordered his father to be thrown overboard as a sacrifice to Atua, the god of the winds; the old man was accordingly dragged on deck, and pitched like a dog into the sea. Arriving at Poverty Bay they speedily landed, taking with them the cargo of the vessel, and made off to the woods, where they were pursued to no purpose, and from which they returned four months afterwards and slaughtered as they pleased the unprotected settlers. So we see that the New Zealand Government have only themselves to thank for at least half their troubles, if not more; for the evil done by this band of fanatics cannot be easily over-estimated. Not only have they perpetrated all sorts of atrocities, and inflicted defeats on the colonial forces, but they have been a bad example to the other tribes, showing them how easy it is to escape from the hands of the whites, and lead them a wild-goose chase through the forests and mountains.

We may couple with the above another consequence of carelessness which occurred on the west coast in the Wanganui district, on the very day of the landing at Poverty Bay. A redoubt at Turu-Turu-Mokai, a place about three miles from the main camp of the colonial forces at Waihi, was held by an officer and twenty-five men. An hour before daylight the sergeant of the main guard at Waihi heard firing in the direction of the redoubt, and reported it to the officer in command, who turned out a division of constabulary and proceeded towards Turu-Turu-Mokai. Two miles from camp two men were met in their shirts, who

stated that the redoubt was carried by surprise and most of the garrison killed or wounded: on reaching it this was found to be the case, as only seven effective men were left out of the twenty-five; eight were killed and six wounded, the other two had fled and turned up afterwards. Captain Ross, the officer in command of the redoubt, was lying dead, with his heart cut out and thrown upon the ground. It is clearly evident, even in the dry official account of the disaster, that it was the consequence of the grossest negligence and want of discipline. Would it be believed that Captain Ross *slept outside the redoubt*? Hearing the firing he had got up and entered it, but was killed almost immediately by the Maories, who were there before him. How easily the place might have been held, had proper vigilance been exercised, may be gathered from the fact that when such of the garrison as were not killed woke up, three of them were able to prevent the Maories from getting far into the redoubt.

But repeated disasters, the consequence of repeated blunders such as the two narrated above, have taught the colony and the colonial forces that it is not by economizing a guard of prisoners or by lying asleep outside redoubts that the Maories can be subdued. The constabulary have become more careful and better organized, and have been increased in number to between two and three thousand. The result is, they have lately begun to do something. It is stated that Te Kooti is killed and that 200 rebels have surrendered; and although Tito Kowaru, the ringleader of the West-coast rebels, is still at large, his power has been broken as well as his prestige: he has been hunted into the fastnesses of the interior, and, with his followers, is probably by this time half-starved, and beginning to think of the consequences of rebellion. Although brigandage may not yet be entirely at an end, what was at one time likely to prove a consequence of it has been averted. The outrages of these chiefs were but as a sprinkling rain compared with the storm that threatened from the

horizon, but has now, we think, passed away. The powerful Waikato tribes have been watching the east and west coast disturbances sullen and aloof, and at one time it seemed likely that they would break out into rebellion, but they have thought better of it. Civilization is slowly weaving its net about them, their lands are being confirmed to them by Crown grants, and they are beginning to take advantage of the Native Lands' Court, and to sell and lease their estate to Europeans of their own accord.

Tito Kowaru and his followers represent the savage and untameable element in the native character, which, except in these Hau Hau fanatics, is gradually wearing out. "There are many peaceful and civilizing influences at work," writes Sir George Bowen, "even among the disaffected tribes; many of the Maori chiefs, including some who were hostile to the Government, have begun to understand that subjection pays better than rebellion; they have learned the advantages that accrue to them from procuring legal titles for their lands, and placing them under the protection of the courts of law. This policy has in numerous instances been already adopted, and the fanatical Hau Haus, starving and shivering in sullen seclusion on their hills and morasses, are beginning to feel a salutary desire for the comforts and luxuries enjoyed by numbers of their countrymen, who have sold or leased a portion of their lands to the English settlers, and are now well fed, well clothed, and well lodged, on the regular incomes thus acquired." The Maories have nothing of the simple savage of the hymn-books in their nature; they are keenly alive to their own interests, except when blinded, as in the case of the Hau Haus, by ferocity. Rebel as they may against the Queen, they have the greatest love and respect for Her Majesty's minted portraits—guineas and not bullets will resolve the native difficulty.

The present state of the Maories in the North island may be summed up as follows:—On the east coast the remnants

of Te Kooti's band are still at large, while the west coast is troubled by Tito Kowaru and his followers, whose numbers are not exactly known, but are supposed to amount to not more than three or four hundred at most. These two bands have perpetrated the foulest murders, and must be followed up and exterminated; this, however, will necessitate the maintenance of a large body of men in the field, will take some time, and cost a good deal of money. The rest of the natives are divided into two classes, those who are altogether friendly and those whose attitude is hostile, but who are not in active rebellion. The demeanour of this last class, however, is gradually softening, and we think the influences before alluded to will in time bring them round. The difficulties of New Zealand, like most others, are merely a question of money. Soon after the departure of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Assembly was to have met; and we have no doubt that it will have been found necessary, despite the outcry of the Middle island, to raise the loan of 1,500,000*l.* for which the New Zealand ministry lately desired a guarantee. We think the refusal of this application has been made a great deal too much of. The colony has good credit, its securities command a high price, and the one or two per cent. that would have been saved by a guarantee the colonists themselves will perceive was not worth the infraction of the first principles which govern our relations with our colonies. Those who propose to send out a commissioner, as Sir Henry Storks was sent to Jamaica, to suspend the constitution of the North island, and to take other extreme measures, totally mistake the nature of the case. The colony has its own parliament, and the initiative of any such measure must come from it. It is not for the Home Government to do more than consider any application. If the colonial parliament wish the constitution of the North island suspended or altered, they may be sure that no veto from home will interfere with them. If they apply to us for a competent officer to command their

forces, the best we have will be sent out to them; and if, more than this, they prefer our soldiers at 40*l.* a head to their own constables at 150*l.* they can have them. They are perfectly competent to consider and express their wants, and the great pains our newspapers have lately taken to administer their concerns will only amuse them. The suggestion of one journal that the colony should throw itself into the arms of America, to find there that succour withheld by its unnatural mother, will go the rounds of the New Zealand press as a mild joke.

The settlement of the native difficulty cannot be hurried; time is surely but slowly resolving it: the colonists must make what head they can against brigandage wherever it breaks out, knowing meanwhile that the tide of population is slowly rising, and that every year fresh reinforcements are adding to their strength and occupying the country. There is one way in which we can most effectually aid New Zealand: the present season of poverty and embarrassment which has overtaken it is periodical with young countries, who overdo success till it becomes a sort of dissipation accompanied by intermittent and inevitable reaction. It will, no doubt, recover itself, but not perhaps for some years: meanwhile it is unable to carry on immigration, the quickest provocative of colonial prosperity. Surely we would be warranted in assisting them in this: from our overcrowded towns and our poverty-stricken rural districts we can spare them some of those veritable sinews, which are indeed the sinews of war and peace. But we must send them no refuse, no sweepings of streets and workhouses—all our dirty linen must be washed at home; but of good strong honest labour, male and

female, we have more than we can feed, and plenty to give away. The assisted emigration, which the provinces are not at present able to carry on, might be continued by us without at all coming under the head of a subsidy, for we must remember that the cessation or diminution of emigration is just as great a misfortune to us as it is to New Zealand.

To conclude: the New Zealand crisis is produced by the malignant conjunction of two misfortunes, a native rebellion and a commercial depression. The word "crisis," however, is hardly applicable, as implying a danger which may occur or may pass away, for there is nothing uncertain in either of these maladies of the colony: they cannot at once be remedied, but ultimate recovery from them is sure. The only treatment possible is to watch and alleviate the symptoms as they arise. New Zealand is by no means *in extremis*, as some would have us believe, still she has not that strength and health which she ought to have; but Time will be the good physician of her ailments. Who can doubt that twenty years hence Maori rebellion will be a tradition, or, though commercial reaction is a visitation which can no more be prevented than the cholera, that through the two islands waste lands will by that time have been turned into farms, villages into thriving towns, and towns into populous cities? As for the financial depression, every one of the Australian colonies has passed through as much or more half-a-dozen times; and as for the native rebels, no matter what back-country defeats or frontier atrocities they inflict on the colonists or constabulary, they have no more chance of ultimate success than the Fenians.

THE GOOSE-GIRL. A TALE OF THE YEAR 2099.

THE little goose-girl came singing
 Along the fields, "Sweet May, Oh! the long sweet day."
 That was her song.
 Bringing about her, floating about, in and out through the long
 Fair tresses of her hair,
 Oh! a thousand, thousand idlenesses,
 Spreading away on May's breath everywhere.
 "Idleness, sweet idleness."

But this was a time,
 Two thousand and ninety-nine,
 When singing of idleness even in spring,
 Or drinking wind-wine,
 Or looking up into the blue heaven, was counted a crime.
 A time, harsh, not sublime;
 One terrible sort of school-hour all the year through,
 When every one had to do something, and do it by rule.
 Why, even the babies could calculate
 Two and two at the least, mentally, without a slate,
 Each calling itself an aggregate
 Of molecules.
 It was always school, schools all over
 The world as far as the sky could cover
 It, dry land and sea.

High priests said,
 "Let matter be Z,
 "Thoroughly calculated and tried,
 "To work our problems with, before all eyes;
 "Anything beside that might prove a dangerous guide.
 "Xs or Ys, unknown quantities,
 "We hesitate not at once to designate
 "Fit only now and for ever to be laid aside."
 So you see,
 Everything was made as plain as could be,
 Not the ghost of a doubt even left to roam about free;
 Everybody's concern
 Being just to learn, learn, learn—
 In one way—but only in one way.
 Where then did the little goose-girl come from that day?
 I don't know.

The Goose-Girl.

Though, isn't there hard by
 A place tender and sunny,
 We can feel slid between
 Our seen and unseen,
 And whose shadows we trace on the earth's face
 Now and then dimly? Well, she
 Was as ignorant as she could ignorant be,
 And the world wasn't school to her
 Who came singing,
 "Idleness, sweet idleness," up to the very feet
 Of the professors' chairs,
 And of the thousand thousand pupils sitting round upon theirs.
 Who up all sprang,
 At the sound of the words she sang,
 With "No, no, no, no; no,
 "There are no sweets in May,
 "None in the weary day.
 "What foolish thing is this, singing of idleness in spring?"

"Oh! sunny spring,"
 Still sang the little goose-girl, wondering
 As she was passing.
 But suddenly stayed for a moment, basking
 In the broad light, with wide eyes asking,
 What "nay" could mean to the soft, warm day?
 And as she stayed,
 There strayed out from her
 May breaths, wandering all the school over.
 But now the hard eyes move her,
 And her lips quiver,
 As the sweet notes shiver
 Between them, and die.
 So her singing ceases; she
 Looking up crying, "Why,
 "Is my May not sweet?
 "Is the wide sky fair?
 "Are the free winds fleet?
 "Are the feet of the spring not rare,
 "That tread flowers out of the soil?
 "Oh! long hours not for toil,
 "But for wondering and singing."

"No, no, no, no," these reply,
 "Silly fancies of flowers and skies;
 "All these things we know,
 "There is nothing to wonder at, sing,
 "Love or fear.
 "Is not everything simple and clear,
 "And common, and near us, and weary?
 "So, pass by idle dreaming,
 "And you if you would like to know
 "Being from seeming,
 "Come into the schools and study."

"Still to sing sometimes when I have the will,
"And be idle and ponder,"
Said the goose-girl, "and look up to heaven and wonder."

"What! squander truth's time
"In dreams of the unknown sublime?
"No." "Then ignorant always," said she,
"I must be;" and went on her way,
"Sweet May, sad May."

Hanging her head,
Till "The mills of the gods grind slowly," she said,
"But they grind exceeding small;
"Let be, I will sit by the mills of the gods and watch the slow
atoms fall."

So patient and still, through long, patient hours,
As she laid her heart low in the hearts of the flowers;
Through clouds and through shine,
With smiles and with tears,
Through long hours, through sweet years,
Oh! years—for a year was only one school-hour in Two thousand
and ninety-nine.

And see,
Who are these that come creeping
Out from the school? Long ago,
When idlenesses out of her tresses strayed the school over;
Some slept of the learners, some played.
These crept out to wonder and sing,

And look for her yonder,
Away up the hills amongst the gods' mills—

And now
"Is it this way?" they say,
Bowing low;
"Oh! wise, by the heaven in thine eyes,
"Teach, we will learn of thee.

"Is it No, is it Yes,
"Labour or idleness?"
She, answering meekly, "This—
"Neither No, nor Yes,
"But, come into God and see."

Oh! the deeps we can feel; oh! the heights we must climb;
Oh! slow gentle hours of the golden time—
Here, the end of my rhyme.

E. KEARY.

THE NEW TESTAMENT UNDER A NEW ASPECT.¹

BARON TAUCHNITZ has crowned the first thousand volumes of his well-known "Collection" by an edition of the New Testament, containing a feature at once so new and so admirable as to deserve a few words of gratitude from every intelligent Englishman, whether connected or unconnected with the profession of theology.

Every one knows that the English New Testament is a translation from Greek. But every one does not know that the Greek from which the translation was made is a very imperfect, inaccurate, redundant representation of the original Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, as they left the hands of their authors. The printers and scholars who, about the year 1550, at the instigation of Erasmus, first put the Greek Testament into type, did the best they could with the materials at their disposal. They collected and compared all the manuscripts within reach, and they formed an edition (a "text," as the technical word is) which did them credit, and the translations of which have furnished comfort and hope to millions of men and women since their day. But time went on, and fresh manuscripts were discovered, older and more carefully written than those which Erasmus and Stephens had employed; and a number of passages appeared in which their edition was contradicted by more trustworthy readings. Still the original edition continued to be printed and used as a standard, and acquired the name of the "Received Text;" and all the corrections as they were discovered day by day were not employed to alter this text, but were added to it as notes, by which at some future time, when all the ancient manuscripts had been found, and all the quo-

tations of the Testament in the early Fathers of the Church had been examined, and every conceivable source explored, and men knew everything that could be known on the subject, a more correct edition might be made, which should then supersede the old "Received Text."

In process of time, as libraries were explored and Oriental monasteries rifled, three manuscripts came to be discovered of earlier date and more exact execution than any others. The first of these, known as the "Vatican MS.," is in the Vatican at Rome; the second, the "Alexandrine MS.," in the British Museum; and the third, the discovery of our own generation, the "Sinaitic MS.," is at St. Petersburg. The date at which the first and third were written is somewhere between the year of our Lord 330 and 350; the second is a century or so later, say 450. These three manuscripts are now admitted by those best qualified to speak on the subject, to contain the nearest approach which we yet possess, or are likely to possess, to the original writings of the Testament. No doubt there is a great difference between even these early copies and the books as they left the hands of their authors. If we could compare the original of Gospel or Epistle with what it had become after only 250 years of copying and recopying, we should find an immense difference. It is inevitable. Even in printing, even in our day, when verbal accuracy has become almost a religion, mistakes occur in reprints; some sentences are added, others omitted, others distorted. But where books were reproduced by hand-writing, and where minute accuracy was not understood or valued, and where copyists were either over-zealous or very ignorant, the chances must have been immense, overwhelming, against any copy being exactly like that which it was copied from. We shall understand

¹ Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition. Vol. 1,000: The New Testament. London: Williams and Norgate.

this a little better presently. Now what Baron Tauchnitz has done—with the help of Professor Tischendorf, the most eminent scholar of our day in this line—is this. He has reprinted the New Testament exactly as it stands in the English Bible; and he has put at the bottom of the page all the variations between it and the three great copies just spoken of. And all this in English—that is the “new and admirable feature” of which I spoke at the opening of my paper. Scholars have long been familiar with these things; but until now this information has not been brought within the reach of ordinary English men and women; nor has it been published at all at so insignificant a price or in so clear and convenient a form. I shall indicate presently one respect in which I think the book may be still further improved, but meantime I will give a few instances of the nature of the corrections which this new edition discloses, and which are most obviously interesting:—

The first thing that strikes one on looking at the notes at the bottom of these pages is how often the sign “omit” occurs; in other words, how large a proportion of the differences consists of additions to the original. There are many transpositions of words; here and there also words have to be added which have dropped out in the process of copying. But these are not nearly so many in amount as those which are marked as redundant.

These redundances are of two kinds. First and most numerous are those which appear to have had for their object to elucidate or confirm the text. The owner of a copy of the Gospels, say in the 5th or 6th century, observes that a sentence is obscure and liable to be misunderstood for want of a word of explanation; or a text from the Old Testament is quoted, and, as he thinks, quoted wrongly; or a pronoun is given where he conceives that the proper name would be more intelligible; or the name of a place or person appears to want explanation; or a saying or narrative is stated in different words

from the parallel passage in another Gospel. In these and many other cases what so natural as to seize the pen and add the correction or the supplemental words? And thus in each of these cases (and many others which do not fall within my rough general divisions) the explanatory word has been inserted, the quotation has been corrected to agree with the passage quoted from, the proper name has been substituted for the pronoun, the narrative has been altered to suit the parallel passage, and so on. Sometimes this would be done in the margin, sometimes in the body of the work. In process of time, the manuscript with its alterations went into the hands of a copyist, who then, according to his lights or his bias, inserted the whole or part of the alterations, possibly with some further additions of his own, all which from that day forward became in that uncritical age indistinguishable and inseparable from the original work. I will give instances of each kind of addition before proceeding further.

1. Words added to a sentence to complete and strengthen the sense or make it more intelligible: as, for example,—

Matt. xiii. 51, “*Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things?*”

Mark iii. 5, “*And he stretched it out, and his hand was restored whole as the other.*” v. 40, “*He taketh the father and mother . . . and entereth in where the damsel was lying.*”

Luke vii. 10, “*And they that were sent, returning to the house, found the servant whole that had been sick.*”

John xi. 41, “*Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid.*” xii. 1, “*Then Jesus came to Bethany where Lazarus was which had been dead.*”

Acts xxiv. 15, “*That there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.*” 26, “*He hoped also that money should have been given him of Paul, that he might loose him.*”

Occasionally these additions have a theological motive, as in Luke iv. 41, where “Christ” has been inserted—

"Thou art Christ the Son of God;" or John ix. 35, where "Son of God" has been substituted for "Son of Man."¹

But by far the largest number of additions under this head consist of single words put in to remedy halting sentences or obscure construction: "saying," "certain," "yet," "also," "unto them," "unto him," and the like. It is hardly too much to say that one can track the particular editor (as we should say) who made this class of additions almost verse by verse along the pages of the Gospels, and can trace his nervous anxiety lest any of the sacred words he loved so dearly should be misunderstood or perverted for want of his too-careful additions. The pages literally teem with his affectionate touches. In the ninth chapter of Matthew, for instance, there are ten such insertions:—

2 and 5, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." 9, "As Jesus passed forth from thence." 10, "Many publicans and sinners came and sat down." 12, "When Jesus heard that, he said unto them." 14, "Why do we and the Pharisees fast oft?" 24, "He said unto them, Give place." 27, "Two blind men followed him, crying." 31, "Spread abroad his fame in all that country." 32, "Brought to him a dumb man." 35, "Teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel."

The four consecutive verses 47 to 50 of Luke viii. contain four additions of this kind, namely: "She declared unto him before all the people." "He said unto her, Daughter, be of good comfort." "Saying to him, Thy daughter is dead." "He answered him, saying, Fear not."

So also in Mark i. 40, "Beseeching him and kneeling down to him, and saying," 41, "And touched him, and saith unto him, I will." ii. 5, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." 8, "He said unto them, Why reason ye?"

¹ In John xix. 40, the Alexandrine MS. substitutes "God" for "Jesus," so that it is perhaps by a mere accident that we escaped having in our English Bibles the very inconvenient expression, "Then took they the body of God, and wound it in linen clothes."

Luke xx. 24, "They answered and said, Cæsar's." 34, "Jesus answering said." xxi. 2, "And he saw also a certain poor widow." 8, "Go ye not therefore after them."

But we need not go to the 5th and 6th centuries for examples of this. The italics in our own Bibles—explanatory words added by the translators with the same pious intention as those just spoken of, and as often unnecessary—furnish instances of the very selfsame things.

2. We now come to words added to complete a quotation, or bring a statement into harmony with a parallel passage. Instances of these are the quotation from Isaiah in Matt. xv. 8, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips;" and the statement in Mark v. 7, "cried with a loud voice and said, 'What have I to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of the most high God!'" which is possibly completed from the parallel passages in Luke and Matthew.

3. Pronouns displaced for the proper name of the person referred to are incessant: as Matt. xv. 30, "Cast them down at Jesus' [his] feet;" Mark i. 41, "And Jesus [he], moved with compassion;" Luke x. 21, "In that hour Jesus [he] rejoiced;" John iii. 2, "The same came to Jesus [him] by night;" Acts xi. 25, "Then departed Barnabas [he] to Tarsus;" Luke xxii. 62, "And Peter [he] went out."

4. Additions to explain a name of place or person are also occasionally found: as John ix. 2, "Go to the pool of Siloam and wash;" xii. 4, "Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him;" Luke xi. 29, "the sign of Jonas the prophet."

5. Alterations bearing on the topography of the Holy Land are rare and not very material. The chief one is the substitution of Magdala for Magadan in Matt. xv. 39; Magdala having probably crept into the copies from a desire to connect it with "Mary the Magdalene." In Mark vii. 31 a change of some moment is made by the alteration of "departing through the coasts

of Tyre and Sidon" from "departing from the coasts of Tyre he came through Sidon,"—showing that the road was the same then as now.

The transition is easy from these small additions to such longer and more important ones as Matt. xxvii. 35, or Mark xv. 28, which may have arisen from the anxiety of a commentator to square the facts of the New Testament with the prophecies of the Old; or Mark ix. 44 and 46, which have probably been inserted to correspond with verse 48 and with Isaiah lxvi. 24; or Luke xvii. 36, added from Matt. xxiv. 40; or Matt. xii. 47, added from Luke viii. 20.

In all the cases of which these are types, there is some motive, more or less obvious, at the bottom of the addition. But it is more difficult to explain the presence of other passages, such as Matt. xvi. 2, 3, Luke xxii. 43, 44, or John v. 4, which are not found in either of the most ancient copies, and for which no authority or hint appears in other parts of the Gospels.

Still more remarkable is the next class of additions, which are in all respects truly startling. I mean those which contain some of the most characteristic and "Christian" sentiments in the whole of the New Testament. There are few who, if asked to name the incident which most clearly embodied the justice, mercy, and tenderness of Christ, and supplied us with the most precious traits of His personal manners, would not quote the story of the woman taken in adultery. And yet there can be little doubt that this story—John vii. 53 to viii. 11—did not exist in the original Gospel; in fact, did not make its appearance in any edition before the middle of the 5th century. And there are several other passages, which, though shorter, are hardly less characteristic than is this story. The beautiful narrative in Luke ix. 54–56 loses not only the reference to the act of Elijah, which has always seemed so appropriate to the locality, but it loses what seems to be the very kernel of its teaching, the whole of the words printed in italics being an interpolation in copies made after the middle of

the 5th century:—"And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, *even as Elias did?* But he turned and rebuked them, and said, *Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of, for the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.* And they went to another village."

The precept, so parallel to this in spirit, contained in Mark xi. 26, which has formed the motive of so many a prayer, and the text of so many a sermon—"For if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses,"—is in like manner an interpolation of later date than either the Sinaitic or Vatican MS. Even the utterance of our Lord on the cross—Luke xxiii. 34, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—must pass into the same category, and be erased from the original draft of the record. To the same purport are the words in the Sermon on the Mount, in Matt. v. 44—"Bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you," which, although they lie at the very foundation of Christian morality, must henceforward be swept away.

I take the opportunity to notice a saying attributed to Christ, which though it has escaped being inserted in the received text of the Testament, and is therefore not in our English Bibles,—and rightly, since as it is not found in any of the three manuscripts which form the basis of our examination, it can hardly have been written by the Evangelist—is yet so full of wisdom and goodness, and so appropriate to some of the questions of our day, that we can as ill afford to lose it as any of those just quoted. It occurs as an interpolation in Luke vi. 4, and is as follows:—"On the same day he saw a certain man working on the Sabbath, and he said unto him, Man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest, blessed art thou; but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed, and a transgressor of the law."

What shall we say of such sentences

as these? They cannot surely be the invention of those who inserted them in the later MSS. There is something about them which forbids us to question their authenticity, or to ascribe them to any one but Jesus Himself. On the other hand, the fact of their omission in the oldest copies seems to show that they did not form part of the original Gospels. They must belong to the same category with those "words of the Lord Jesus" which are preserved in the Acts of the Apostles,—“It is more blessed to give than to receive” (Acts xx. 35), and with those countless “things” that might have filled the “world itself,” the recollection of which, so many years after, at the close of a long life, forced St. John to speak of his own Gospel as a mere skeleton sketch of the life of his Master.

Certainly, if in many respects we have lost by the inaccurate and redundant edition of Erasmus and Stephens, in other respects we have gained; for a Testament without the story of the woman taken in adultery, and without the other gracious words just quoted, would be robbed of some of its most precious gems, even though it be the fact that those gems did not form a part of the Gospels as they left the hands of their authors.

The longest of the interpolations in the Gospels, and the only one which remains to be noticed, is the conclusion of St. Mark, in which the verses from verse 9 to the end of the chapter, though a very ancient addition, are not found in the oldest copies, and therefore cannot be accepted as from the hand of the Evangelist. But this passage is of a very different nature from those just noticed, and of secondary interest; and its loss would be of far less moment than theirs—since while in one portion it is a mere *résumé* of the narratives of the other Gospels, in another it breathes a far less Christian spirit than that which distinguishes them.

My examination, which I now bring to a conclusion, has been done only in the roughest and most imperfect manner,

and must be taken as the work of a mere layman, anxious only to excite others to acquaintance with that which he has himself found so attractive and useful. I have confined myself to the Gospels; but the Acts, Epistles, and Revelation, though perhaps less exquisitely interesting, will be found hardly less fruitful than the Gospels. And in the Gospels I have dealt with the redundances only. The questions of the age and authority of the three copies adduced are so fully and authoritatively treated in the clear and interesting preface which Professor Tischendorf has prefixed to the volume, as to render any further remarks on these heads unnecessary.

Any one who will take this Testament of Baron Tauchnitz's, and will mark out with a pencil the passages specified in the notes as omitted in the three MSS. or in two of them, will be astonished at the alterations in the face of those familiar pages. And if at first the phrases often seem balder and the sentences less fluent and abrupt than before, he will find these deficiencies made up for by greater life and greater reality, and will have the satisfaction of knowing that he has come much closer to the original condition of a document which all must desire to possess as nearly as possible in its original form, and has caught a trifle less faintly the echoes of that divine voice, for the tones of which men were never more eagerly listening than they are now.

The only suggestion that occurs to me for the improvement of this pretty little volume is that some means should be taken of showing in the verses themselves the alterations indicated in the notes. Without this it will never produce its full effect. But when so done—as any one may try for himself with a pencil—the effect is most unexpected.

The redundances might be shown without difficulty, and the other kinds of alteration might be indicated, at least where they are of material importance.

G. GROVE.

ESTELLE RUSSELL.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

IN WHICH THERE IS NO LOVE LOST.

SIR LOUIS had gone to his mother the morning after the dinner-party, as she sat with her book in the drawing-room, and had briefly informed her of his engagement to Miss Julia Maurice. Even as he spoke the words, a pang shot through his heart at the remembrance of the time, so near and yet so infinitely far away, when he had waited, counting the days, till he could tell his mother of his love for Estelle Russell, and ask that she would take her to her heart and give the tenderness and sympathy denied them by Estelle's own mother. But he put that remembrance sternly away from him. Since yesterday a new claim had arisen—strangely enough, unexpectedly enough—a claim that most men, perhaps, would have shaken off more or less rudely; but a claim that, once admitted, brought with it a very clear duty. Sir Louis, ignorant of women's ways—of their little hates, their little loves, their little trickeries—judging them all by that embodiment of his ideal, Estelle, and remembering her maidenly, shrinking delicacy, felt only the profoundest pity for Julia in her self-abandonment.

"How terribly she must have suffered before she could speak as she did!" was his thought, as he recalled the scene in the billiard-room the night before.

This was how Mrs. Vivian had taken the news: "Any one that you love will be welcome to me, my son," she said, after a pause; during which Sir Louis had twice walked the length of the drawing-room, wishing that the silence would break.

"Thank you, mother." He could not say that he loved Julia; not yet. He said, "You may be quite sure that she loves me. I am very sure of that

myself, else——" and then he walked up and down again.

Mrs. Vivian bent her head over her book, and tried to read from where she had left off; a hard matter, poor woman, with the words dancing up and down the page. She could think of nothing except Julia's unsuitability and her son's rashness. He, even he, the wise man, had been led away by a pretty face. "Just as bad as King Solomon, every bit," she thought, sighing bitterly. Well, this was one of the mysterious ways of Providence, and she must bow to it; and only venture to pray that, if it were not the right thing, it might yet be averted.

"I am sorry you don't like it, dear mother," said he, stopping in his walk.

"My dear, it has taken me by surprise, and that is the truth. But as long as your happiness is secured, you know, Louis, that nothing can be wanting to mine. Now you have told me of this—this engagement, I had better say what I always intended to say as soon as I knew you were going to marry. I should like to go back to Dorking to live, and——"

"Mother!" He knelt down before her, and took her hands in his. "Mother! after all that has come and gone, to talk of leaving me! No! May I never enjoy a day in this house if it ceases to shelter you!"

"Dear, I know you mean what you say; but you will find—or your bride will find—me in the way when she comes home. And—who knows?—she may be jealous of our love for each other. Nay, it is best as I said, my son."

"I will not have it!" he exclaimed. "No wife of mine shall turn my mother out. If you don't want to make me utterly miserable, you will never allude to this again."

"I will not," she said, feeling to her

very heart's core that she had the chief place in his yet, in spite of the white and pink beauty at the Hall.

The Duchess Dowager's Christmas receptions were not enlivened by Sir Louis's presence. Mrs. Vivian had hoped much from this visit, and her mortification was extreme when she found that Julia's entreaties had won on her son to stay over Christmas at Vivian Court instead. She took care not to hint to her Grace that he was engaged, but laid great stress on her own disappointment at not seeing Lady Florence. For there was no knowing what might happen yet. She had spied Julia looking daggers at the handsome soldier-cousin who seemed so completely at home at the Hall. She was sure there was an understanding of some sort between them, and she felt incensed at Louis's blindness, while at the same time she wished anything might happen to prevent his marrying Julia.

She had heard of young ladies changing their minds at the last moment; but she was forced to confess—when she examined the magnificent Brussels veil and dress, and the white Cashmere shawl, which, at her son's request, she had ordered as a present from herself to the bride—that it was scarcely probable any woman with eyes in her head would exchange these and their accessories for the modest attire becoming the bride of a poor military man.

Meanwhile, Louis redoubled his usual kindness for her. Scarcely a day passed without his testifying in some silent way that she was not to be put aside to make way for the new-comer. He had said most plainly to Julia that his mother's home would always be at the Court. Julia had acquiesced—very sweetly and gracefully, *she* thought; but not so Mrs. Vivian. Had she had more spirit or more means she might possibly have made herself a home elsewhere; as it was, she only insisted on changing her rooms to a corner of the house where she need not interfere, either in her comings in or goings out, with the new mistress. There was a door of communication, in case Louis wished to

make her a visit; and thus they would be quite independent, and in no danger of giving annoyance on either side. Her son looked gloomy and doubtful when this arrangement was first discussed, and was only reassured by her insisting that she was consulting her own comfort entirely. But not all Julia's self-control could keep her disapprobation from showing itself in her face when the Baronet told her of his mother's intention. Mrs. Vivian had chosen the room Julia liked best in all the house—the little breakfast-room, with the fernery—for her drawing-room, and Sir Louis was going to have it fitted up anew for her.

"Your mother does not like me; she wants to keep out of my way," she exclaimed hastily.

"My dear child!" he returned, taking her hand, very gravely, "I trust you will never say that again. It would give me the deepest pain to think that there were any feeling besides love and respect between you and my mother."

She was subdued for a moment by his gravity. He was really hurt by her speech, and showed it by his look and manner. It would not do, she felt, to repeat the experiment. She must waive a great deal till her one point was gained. Afterwards, let Mrs. Vivian look to it. She did not know which was most galling, the Baronet's absurd devotion to his mother, which he expected her to share and understand, or his demeanour towards herself—respectful, protecting; anything but lover-like. If he had only condescended to talk nonsense once in a way, it would have been bearable. But his conversation was crammed full of common sense in one shape or another; hard, dry, uninteresting facts—philological, geological, or otherwise. His very poetry, if poetry it could be called, was harder of digestion than brickbats. He told her that Byron was only fit for girls and boys, and brought her little books, red and green, containing poems by a man of the present day; fragments whose very titles were beyond her understanding, not to speak of the subject-matter, on which there was not

the most distant glimmer of light to her mental vision. A curious way of wooing, truly, and one which made her hate and abjure all books, the books of the Vivian Court library especially; while he, when her attention flagged, would put the volume back in his pocket, saying complacently, "Ah, you will understand by and by."

It was the night before the wedding, and Mrs. Maurice was already in a state of incipient hysterics because she felt sure she should do something wrong, either at church or at the breakfast, and the cold pavement would certainly give her her death of rheumatism. The Admiral observed that Sir Louis had had an extra stove put in, and that carpets and matting had been laid down; but she had taken up the idea of catching cold in church, and could not abandon it easily.

"You're much more likely to suffer from the heat," said her husband. "And, as for that, why, you can stay at home if you like."

Whereupon Mrs. Maurice burst into tears, and demanded what she had said or done to deserve that. She should go if she had to be carried. See the last of her dear daughter she would, if she were laid up till next spring for it. "You seem glad to get rid of her," she whimpered, "and I daresay she will be glad to go, for it has been very dull for her, my being so laid up this winter and not able to take her about so much as usual; but she'll find out by and by that a mother is better than a mother-in-law when all's said and done."

"Humbug!" ejaculated the Admiral.

"Not but what Mrs. Vivian has been most kind, I will say that," she went on, wiping her eyes. "It was a great save to us, you know, her giving the wedding-dress; and it is far handsomer than we could have afforded. And she has been most attentive to me, too, my dear. Only yesterday she sent me down a great bottle of liniment and a new book. It is a very nice book too, only it makes my head ache to look at the title. It is all about beasts and horns

and images, and the slaying of the witnesses."

At this point of his wife's chatter, the Admiral, finding he had had as much as he could stand for the time, abruptly walked off to his study, and sent for Wallis, to worry him with a few more last orders touching the breakfast.

Julia's boxes stood in the hall, corded and labelled; and, having nothing more to think of now, she turned into Henrietta's parlour for a moment's rest, and a few last words. She felt bound to Henrietta; for the latter, on hearing the sum the Admiral had named for the wedding outfit, had said quietly:

"That is as much as dear Papa can afford, no doubt; but I should like to make it a little more. You must take my Christmas quarter's allowance, Julia."

For very shame Julia had hesitated. But Henrietta had insisted. "You are thinking about my poor people, I know. But I have some of my Michaelmas money left, and dear Jack put five pounds into my poor-box when he came down." And she pressed her gift into her sister's hand.

Julia had taken it, and paid her old dressmaker's bill, vowing to herself never so long as she lived to be in debt again on any pretext whatever.

"I am glad you came in," said Henrietta, "I have got a keepsake for you." She held up a book in antique binding, with clasps. "It is a book that I am fond of, and that I hope you will like too, for my sake. I shall not see you alone to-morrow, so I must say what I wish now. I do hope that you may be a happy, happy wife, and that your home may be a peaceful one. I think Mrs. Vivian will be very fond of you if you will let her. She is a little peculiar, perhaps, but she is a truly pious woman, and she dotes on her son."

"I dare say we shall do well enough," said Julia; "she won't interfere, you know, as she has a suite of rooms to herself." Her private opinion thereon was not for Henrietta.

"So she said. It is best so, doubtless. Dear Ju, it must be a comfort to you to think that Papa consented from

the very first. No regrets, no heart-burnings in your case, as in mine. No wasted youth to mourn over, thank Heaven," said Henrietta, with a sigh.

Julia could have laughed at her sister's taking it so entirely for granted that, because she married this man, she loved him. But it was necessary to be on her guard as much with Henrietta as with Sir Louis or Mrs. Vivian. She turned the conversation adroitly on Dr. Vandeleur, who was coming down to be at the wedding, and would return to London the evening after.

"It will be your turn, by and by, never fear," she said; "so don't be low-spirited, Hen." And then she talked of the wedding-trip, and the presents she intended to bring back from Rome and Naples. By and by, Mrs. Maurice's voice was heard in a distant passage, inquiring querulously for Julia. She rose hastily and bade her sister good-night, saying, "Don't let Mamma come bothering me. I want to keep fresh for tomorrow. I shall slip round by the back stairs, so good-bye."

"Of course I know it's a goody book," she thought, as she stole up to her room in the dark. She stopped at her door, and listened to the sounds of mirth floating upwards from the drawing-room. Miss Brydges was away for her holidays, and all the girls were assembled there, emancipated from the schoolroom for the time being. Lizzy's voice rose highest. There was evidently some passage of words between her and Herbert.

Julia leaned over the balustrade, and strained her ears to catch the purport of what he was saying. She knew it was no good, but she could not help herself; Herbert's voice had a sort of fascination for her. She had refused his love, but she could not bear to see his attentions constantly directed to Lizzy. She would not have minded it so much if she had been already married. But it was a refinement of cruelty on his part to act in such a manner during her engagement. She was not prepared for such cruelty, and had found it impossible to bear it with equanimity. She had expected him to be sad and subdued; thankful, even

as it was, for a kind word or look from her; instead of this ostentatious flirtation with Lizzy. As for Lizzy, when taxed with want of sisterly consideration, she had replied hotly that she was only acting as Julia had suggested when first she was aware of Herbert's being in England. So she had to bear it, and it had been gall and wormwood to her.

She sighed deeply, as she turned into her room, thinking what a sorry contrast Sir Louis's figure would make to Herbert's, at church, on the morrow. Sir Louis, stooping, slow, and absent; Herbert, finely proportioned, lithe, and graceful, with his magnificent blue eyes and lovely hands. The sight of some of the wedding paraphernalia soothed the rankling in some degree. The lace and fur and velvet which went to compose the travelling dress she knew must represent nearly a fourth of Herbert's income. This was certainly a soothing reflection. "I didn't know I had so much sentiment left in me," she muttered, as she folded away the bonnet and mantle into the wardrobe. "What a fool I am! The game is well worth the candle."

Henrietta's present lay on the table. She took it up, yawning, and, sitting down by the fire, began slowly to undress.

"Yes, the game is worth the candle. How nice it will look in the papers, next season, 'Lady Vivian, presented, on her marriage, by the Duchess of So-and-so.' I'll make that old woman do it, whose ugly daughter his mother wanted him to marry. Let's see this goody book."

"Just what one might expect of Hen," she soliloquised. It was a copy of Jeremy Taylor's *Golden Grove*. "Well, she might just as well have got me a card-case, or a box of perfumes, or a jewel stand. However, it's the proper thing to have goody books in one's room, and this will look very pretty on the table." She turned the leaves over and examined the markers, which were heavy with gold embroidery, her sister's handiwork.

She turned to the light, and began at the top of one page which Henrietta had marked with pencil. It was the *Prayer*

for a Maiden before Marriage. The absurdity of Henrietta's marking that for her, she thought, as she ran her eye over the page, turning up her lip at the quaint phraseology:—"Bless that dear person whom Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy, and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him; a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows, a meet helper for him in all accidents and chances of the world. Make me amiable for ever in his eyes, and very dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness and charity and compliance."

She rose, and threw the book from her in anger.

"What a fool that Henrietta is! And what a fool I am, to care for such old-fashioned stuff!"

The children and Lizzy were all scampering up the stairs, and Herbert's voice could be heard above their laughter calling upon Lizzy to come down. Not unless he gave her ribbon back, she answered, laughing. Julia ran to her door and bolted it, just as her sister knocked for admittance. She gave no answer, and Lizzy presently went away.

"Oh!" she thought, as she laid her face on the pillow to stifle the sobs that would rise in spite of her resolve, "if it could have been! Oh! if Herbert hadn't been so poor, or if he had but stayed away, I wouldn't mind so much! If I could but sleep away to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN WHICH MADAME MAKES A PINCUSHION OF HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

RAYMOND managed to see his old father, and to look after the steward and game-keepers and other people employed on the estate, by going down into Languedoc during his mother's yearly visit to Frohsdorf. M. de Montaigu would inquire eagerly after Estelle and the child, and declare his intention of accompanying Raymond back to Paris. But when

the time came, his courage always failed him. The idea of being suddenly taken ill, and being deprived of the spiritual offices of his accustomed director, out-balanced the anticipated pleasure of embracing his daughter-in-law and his grandchild, and consequently Raymond always returned alone.

Four years glided away almost imperceptibly for Estelle,—only her boy's successive birthdays marked the lapse of time. He was a lovely child, with his father's southern complexion, and his mother's liquid grey eyes; a clever, saucy, impetuous darling, adored and spoilt equally by both his parents. Estelle's letters to her mother and to M. de Montaigu were filled with his sayings and doings. Mrs. Russell's only departure from her system of non-intervention consisted in the inquiry—made at the beginning of every winter—as to whether Estelle made him wear lamb's-wool socks. M. de Montaigu used to make the Abbé read him over the passages relating to his grandson's beauty and cleverness, till he had the words almost by heart. Madame, if she happened to enter the room, would stop and listen for a moment, and then give a contemptuous sniff and walk away, saying, "I don't believe a word of it."

The summer was coming on, and Raymond was making arrangements for taking his wife to England, to visit her mother and her brother Harry, who had just returned from the coast of Africa, when they were surprised by an unexpected visit from the Abbé d'Eyrieu, who, to Estelle's still greater surprise, gave her a letter from her mother-in-law, containing an invitation to the château.

Now Madame de Montaigu might just as well have sent this letter by post. But it probably appeared to her that it would make it of more importance—give it the air of being a diplomatic missive, in short—if she confided it to the Abbé.

Estelle read it, and gave it to her husband. He read it in his turn, and, passing it to the Abbé, desired his candid opinion of it.

D'Eyrieu replied that without a doubt M. de Montaigu was becoming much

weaker; that he had often expressed his conviction that he should not see another winter, and that his only wish was to have his family round him before he died. It was in pursuance of this earnest wish that Madame de Montaigu had overcome her own private feelings so far as to write to Madame Raymond.

"She might have done it before," Raymond said, angrily.

"Undoubtedly," was the Abbé's reply. "But you must be aware, M. Raymond, that your mother is one of those people who cannot confess themselves ever to have been in the wrong. Such people are especially difficult to deal with; the older, the worse. However, that Madame now really wishes for the presence of Madame Raymond my coming here will sufficiently testify. I am especially charged to endorse the wish expressed in her letter."

Estelle looked at her husband. He appeared to hesitate. "We have been very comfortable and happy ever since we have lived here, M. l'Abbé, and I should not like to take my wife back to be annoyed in the way she was formerly. You see my mother's letter is no guarantee whatever that she won't interfere or make mischief. I shouldn't mind taking Estelle down when she was gone to Frohsdorf, but——"

"My impression is, that M. le Comte may not be alive then," said D'Eyrieu.

"In that case," said Raymond, "I, at least, ought to be there now."

He was half inclined to return with the Abbé, and send for his wife and child, if his father's state did not alter. Estelle endeavoured to remain entirely passive; it was not for her to bias him in a matter like this. But D'Eyrieu took advantage of one moment when they were alone, to say:

"Believe me, if you let your husband go down to the château without you, you will repent it."

This was not very encouraging. But D'Eyrieu was a man so incapable of lending himself to anything underhand, that she felt sure he spoke for her advantage, not Madame's. She was too proud to ask an explanation, and it did

not appear from his manner that he expected her to ask any. He and Raymond had a long conversation together before he left them, and the day after his departure they set out themselves, with Lisette, Bébé, and old Jean-Marie in their train.

Madame had made a round of visits beforehand, for the especial purpose of proclaiming to her friends this great event about to take place. She had pardoned her daughter-in-law, she said, shedding tears abundantly. Her mother's heart bled still to think of the cruel manner in which she had been deprived of her son's society, but she was determined to put everything aside, and receive him and Estelle as if they had never been anything but friends. She invited her most intimate neighbours to be present at this grand act of reconciliation. So that when the dusty carriages containing Raymond and his wife and suite drew up before the château, on the third evening after their leaving Paris, he found, to his annoyance, a crowd of people standing at the drawing-room windows and on the terrace, and Madame de Montaigu, with Hortense Dubreuilh, in full dress, standing on the threshold to receive them.

"Ouf!" he exclaimed, when he had extricated himself from the embracings, and had got upstairs away from everybody. "My mother might have delivered us from this mob, at least till to-morrow. One would think she wanted to make it a royal reception, à la Frohsdorf. I call it running the gauntlet."

"I, too, have been embraced and blessed," said his wife, who could not help laughing in spite of her fatigue. "Madame evidently intends us to feel how naughty we have been, and hopes we shall never do so any more."

But nothing had been said of M. de Montaigu, the very person they came to see. When they had rested and made themselves fit for Madame's drawing-room, they went to his room, and found him surrounded by the Abbé, his valet, and old Jean-Marie, who had come to

pay his respects to M. le Comte, and to show off Bébé.

Bébé, who had clung to the old servant till now, rushed to his mother, and hid his face in her dress. The Comte was greatly agitated; he embraced his son and daughter-in-law, weeping and trembling. "It is for joy, for joy, my children," he cried. "I thought I should die without seeing you and your little one." He was enraptured with his grandchild's pretty behaviour. He behaved better than Raymond did at that age.

Raymond laughed. "His mother has brought him up, you see," he said.

"Hey, what?" said the old gentleman. "His mother? Yes, of course. And has brought him up in all the sentiments of filial respect, as well as politeness; as I always maintained, you know," he added, turning to the Abbé. He grumbled when his wife came in and said that excitement was bad for him, and that Estelle and Raymond were wanted in the drawing-room. He would have gone to see Bébé put to bed; it would have been a *fête* for him, he said. Madame begged for Raymond's arm back to the drawing-room, and Estelle could only whisper as she took her leave, that Monsieur should be present at Bébé's going to bed to-morrow instead.

"Yes, yes; only thou must not say a word," he whispered in return, shaking his old head and pointing to the door. Just then, Estelle's old acquaintance, Hortense, came up, with a repetition of Madame's wish. Hortense had completely thrown off her convent breeding, and appeared to aim by her dress and manner at being considered a leader of fashion. M. Adrien was invisible, and she did not seem to miss him. Estelle did not venture to inquire after him, but Hortense herself obligingly supplied all lack of information. M. Adrien had gone to the dogs to some purpose at last, and she had separated from him, and had placed herself under Madame de Montaigu's protection. Madame was tiresome sometimes, she said, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, but she was able to go more into society when

with her than if she lived alone. "And then, you know, a woman in my position has to be so careful," she said, with another pretty shrug. As far as could be seen, she liked her position very much; so much, that before the evening was over, Estelle thought she had got at the meaning of the Abbé's odd speech. She felt angry with him, for the bare fact of his making it seemed to imply a doubt of Raymond. The absurdity of such a doubt was evident from Raymond's own estimation of Madame Hortense. "I wonder at my mother not keeping that affected little puss in order," he said emphatically, when Estelle spoke of her after the evening was over.

Madame de Montaigu, whose only happiness was in a crowd, had prepared such a round of dissipation for her daughter-in-law, that Estelle's Paris life, sufficiently lively for Raymond's French taste, sunk into tameness by the side of it. At the same time Madame declared that her only object in giving entertainments was to prevent Estelle from feeling dull. She was sensible, she said, that after Paris, the château had indeed few attractions. Estelle in vain declared that she lived comparatively a very quiet life. Madame only opened her eyes, and looked incredulous, and Hortense laughed, and said she should come and see; which was the very last thing Estelle wished. She did not like Hortense. She was always ready to talk to any one about her husband's ill-behaviour, and she made no secret of her contempt for him. Another thing which annoyed Estelle was her want of love for children. "It is as Grandmamma says," she would say, when the young mother would slip away from the drawing-room to visit Bébé's nursery, "you spoil him; and you are so completely wrapped up in him that you don't care how you dress, or how you look. It is all Bébé, Bébé! You would dress him up in silver and gold, and wear sackcloth yourself with pleasure."

Hortense was never remarkable for discretion, Estelle knew, but her speech was none the less disagreeable for its

preface. "It is as Grandmamma says." They had been talking her over, then; and she was found wanting in Madame de Montaigu's balance, as she might have expected. It was useless to show any displeasure; she could only hope to escape storms while under Madame's roof by arming herself with forbearance. She merely said, "My dear Hortense, I always dress well enough to please my husband;" an answer at which the young lady reddened, and then laughed, and said it was quite Arcadian; and thanked heaven she had neither husband nor child to worry her, and make her grey-headed before her time.

If the perpetual round of society could have begun and ended at the château, where she could always slip away and run upstairs to her boy, Estelle would not have cared. But invitations began to pour in from far and near, a few of which her husband wished to accept, and others, a refusal of which would have offended Madame. It was impossible always to take Bébé with her, and when she came back she was sure to hear from Lisette either that his grandpapa had been giving him too many sweetmeats, or that he had got into disgrace with his grandmamma, who made a bone of contention of the pet name, Bébé, and chose to insist on calling him Henri, to which appellation he obstinately refused to answer, because his "pretty Mamma" did not call him by it. Besides this, Madame had taught him to say the *Ave Maria* at night, and had reviled her—so Lisette expressed it, in her anger while telling it,—as worse than a heathen for bringing up the child so. Estelle kept all this to herself. She scarcely saw Raymond alone now. He was much occupied with revising some poems for the press, and when he was not in the drawing-room or with his father, was sure to be in his study, or pacing up and down the avenue in a fit of abstraction which she could not disturb.

Madame Fleury had taken the initiative in calling upon Estelle. She, and the Protestant circle generally, had been as much in the dark as the Catholics as

to the real cause of the separation of the two households of the Montaigus. Some people were of opinion that the Protestants ought to drop her acquaintance. It was well known that she had ceased all communication with French Protestants since she and her husband had left Languedoc for Paris. It was conjectured by some that she had turned Catholic; by others that she was become an atheist like her husband. M. Cazères was of opinion she ought not to be countenanced generally. He should make her a pastoral visit, he said, but he should not allow his wife to go. However, as Estelle came to see Madame Fleury soon after her arrival, and attended the Temple service the Sunday after, there was no help for it but that Madame must return her call. It was Madame's favourable report of Estelle's mode of life that induced the rest to go and see. "I found her," said she to M. Cazères, "sitting with the old gentleman; M. Raymond on his knees, making to laugh the little son. She looked proud and happy, and well she might! Ah, what sweet expression is in that face of young mother! And what adorable child! It was an idyl. I wept with tenderness! And she asked me about my poor people, and about Mathilde, about everybody in fine. I believe she is an angel of goodness; let people talk as they please."

It was in consequence of Madame Fleury's favourable opinion that a letter came to Estelle shortly afterwards from Mathilde, whose husband had just succeeded to a large fortune and was soliciting the place of *Préfet* at Pau. "Thy husband," wrote Madame to her niece, "has literary pretensions; he will do well to cultivate M. Raymond de Montaigu, who, they say, has a pretty house at Paris, and a literary circle of the most distinguished." So, in accordance with her aunt's advice, Madame Mathilde wrote to renew her old acquaintance with Estelle, and to ask her and M. Raymond to pay them a visit at their château in the valley of Argélès. Estelle showed the letter to her husband, saying, "I suppose I may decline!"

He said, "Have you any real objection? I see none."

"But it is for a week. How are you to spare a week, Raymond? As it is, you complain of your work being disturbed."

"I know; but I never expected aught else down here. And a week's run will do me no harm—nor you. You look worried, *mignonne*. What is it?" he asked, drawing her towards him.

"Nothing, nothing!" she replied, with her old smile. It was true, however, that she was worried; but it was useless to worry Raymond in turn, with what he could not stop. It was only that ever-recurring mother-in-law's tongue. Madame had just been reading her the old lecture on her stupid fondness for her child, and her neglect of social duties.

"Yes, yes, you will remember my advice, daughter-in-law, when it is too late. You will repent yourself of your seclusion, when you find your son grown up and tired of the paternal house; when you have daughters to marry, who knows? Ah! then you will think of me! But in your position, with the fortune you have, it is too absurd. People allow themselves to make observations on your dress. Madame de Luzarches asked me whether you had given yourself up to religion——"

"Raymond never says these things to me; and if I please him it is enough," Estelle exclaimed, out of patience. All this was *à propos* of a dinner that Madame de Luzarches wished to give in the middle of August, when the heat was most intense. Estelle had simply said she hoped it would not be a large party, as the De Luzarches' dining-room was only of a moderate size. She wondered how she and her husband had managed to bear the constant interference during the first two years of their married life; and looked forward longingly to the autumn, at the close of which she would have Bébé and Raymond quite to herself again, in the pleasant house at Paris.

"It occurs to me that I might get a shot at an *izard*," said he, looking up

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from his writing. "De Luzarches told me of a man who had bagged two on the Vignemale this season. You could stay with your friend, or go as far as Cauterets."

"How am I to manage it all?" she said. "Madame de Luzarches has engaged us for the 15th; Mathilde wants us on the 16th; she does not say a word about Bébé. Indeed, she writes that I can have her maid, so I know there is but little room for us. Lisette is a good creature, but still—to leave the boy eight whole days——"

She broke down quite. "He will be asking for 'pretty Mamma,' night after night, and I not there: and suppose he were ill—it is not as at Paris, where one can get a doctor in a quarter of an hour. Oh, Raymond!"

"My love, my love," he cried, soothing her gently. He was greatly surprised and disturbed, and felt sure that she must be ill herself to give way to such gloomy fancies. He gave her eau-de-cologne and made her lie down, and darkened the room; and then put away his papers and went to order a physician to be sent for. Jean-Marie was saved a hot gallop into Toulouse, for the doctor's cabriolet was at the door, and the doctor was closeted with M. de Montaigu. Raymond walked up and down the court, waiting to speak to him as soon as he came out. Madame appeared at her bedroom door, and he asked her hastily when the visit would be over.

"What is it now?" she asked, carelessly. She had been trying on a new dress, and was going to seek Hortense for the benefit of her opinion. Raymond explained. His wife was nervous; unaccountably so; and he must have advice for her. It might be the commencement of a fever. She promised to go in and speak to M. Gardère, and Raymond went back to his wife.

Madame presently brought up M. Gardère; not before she had given him her view of the case, though. He felt Madame Raymond's pulse, coughed portentously, and ordered her an infusion of lime-flowers, an occasional glass of sugared water flavoured with orange-

flower water, and—as much amusement as possible.

Estelle laughed. "I don't want amusement," she said. "And I am quite well, only my husband will not think so. And I detest orange-flower water."

"A very good thing, nevertheless, and wonderfully calming for the nerves. I always take a glass before going to sleep, by M. Gardère's directions," said Madame.

M. Gardère bowed. "Precisely so. Madame Raymond's nerves want calming. At the same time she must be amused. Dulness is worse than death."

Raymond and Madame followed him out of the room when he left, after recommending Estelle to sleep, if possible. She laughed to herself when they were gone: it had been such a farce all through; and she felt as sure that Madame had *inspired* M. Gardère as if she had heard her. She would have gone downstairs, or out into the garden, in defiance of the doctor's advice to sleep, only she was afraid of vexing Raymond.

"What was it that took me?" she thought. "I wanted not to worry him, and I went and did it. Gardère must be right about my nerves. But instead of ordering lime-flowers and orange-flower water, he should have ordered a gag for Madame, or thrown her into a mesmeric sleep for a few weeks."

But she forgot all about her nerves and her mother-in-law, when Bébé came beating at the door to be let in. She took him up in her arms and kissed him passionately. "Poor Madame," she said, aloud. "Poor woman! How should she be happy or contented, thrusting away from her that blessed child-and-mother love! Oh, my boy, you will never want to get out of your mother's way as if she were an enemy, will you?" Bébé stroked her cheeks, and kissed her, saying, "Pretty Mamma!"

There was a sound of scraping of chairs on the polished floor in the room below, and an opening and slamming of doors, and presently Raymond came up. M. Gardère, he, and Madame had been sitting in consultation over her.

"My love, do put down that child, I beg," was his exclamation as he entered. He did not wait for her to obey, but took Bébé off her lap himself, with a touch of peremptoriness.

"My dear Raymond!" she said; "I like it. Why may I not have him?"

"You want taking care of," said he. "I had no idea you were in the habit of carrying that boy up and down the terrace. My mother declares you are getting crooked. I don't see that, yet; but she is particularly observant; and—well, at any rate, prevention is better than cure."

"Madame is always saying something unpleasant," Estelle began, feeling very angry.

"—I am uncommonly glad to know of this, at all events. My dearest, she only spoke to me in pure kindness. She is distressed about you. She says you are getting quite hipped, and that you won't rouse yourself. I shall take you to Argélès, most certainly. Gardère recommends change. I have been absorbed in my writing, and never imagined you wanted looking after."

"But I do not care about Argélès," she cried. "Why can't you go and shoot izards, and leave me at home? You know Mathilde will have no room for Boy."

"Boy will do well enough here for a week," said he. "My mother will be at home, and Hortense. Oh, he will be well looked after."

"Hortense! Why, she hates children!"

Raymond pulled his moustache at this. "My dear! Come now; I don't like Hortense, but that seems a little too hard on her. Both she and my mother express themselves most kindly about the child. They will take charge of him entirely, as long as we are away. They would even now, if you would only let them. My mother complains that you are jealous of her loving the child. She says it goes to her heart to see all his caresses kept for you."

A very bitter reply rose to Estelle's lips, but she kept it down. "She is welcome to make him love her all she

can," she said. "Is it not natural he should love me best? Ah, Raymond, if she had loved you as I love him, she would understand; she would not be pained." And, forgetting his prohibition, she caught her boy up in her arms again.

"Incorrigible!" Raymond said, smiling nevertheless. "But to return to my mother. I thought, dear, when she was speaking to-day, that perhaps it was just because she was sorry for her neglect of me in my childhood, that she yearned so for our boy's love now. Dear, my heart is sore, even now, when I think of all the love I might have had, if she had been like you: of all I missed, because she was—what she was. Enough! Let us not visit her mistake on her, now she sees it. Let her have the chance of making herself beloved by an innocent child."

Estelle put out her hand. "Dear," she said, "I will go with you to Argélès; and—and—Grandmamma shall take care of Boy for one week."

Madame was grimly pleased when her son told her of Estelle's concession. Raymond assured her his wife wished Bébé to love her. "I am glad to hear it," she said. One week was a mere nothing, however. If they would stay at Argélès or Cauterets for six, there would be some chance of her attaching the child to herself. Raymond did not choose to commit himself so far; although, as she put it, there was Estelle's health to be benefited by the change, which was no small consideration. One thing, however, Madame resolved to accomplish in the eight days. She would do away with the absurd appellation of Bébé, and make the child answer to his proper name.

Estelle did not venture to give a hint as to the management of her boy while she was away. To do so would have raised Madame's wrath too high. She had to content herself with entreating his grandfather to cease from supplying him with sweetmeats till she came back. M. le Comte promised, but five minutes after his hand was seeking the sweetmeat box in his pocket. "Just one sugar-plum," he begged, patting the

child's head. "Just one. And he likes them so much." Well, M. le Comte's indiscriminate administration of sweets was better than Madame's alternate spoiling and scolding, and Hortense's teasing, of the poor little mortal, whose boisterous mirth was often turned into weeping, followed by summary banishment from the drawing-room, and reflections (not unfrequently uttered in his hearing) on his mother's bad system of bringing up.

"It was but for a week," Estelle thought, as she sat under Lisette's hands in preparation for Madame de Luzarches' dinner-party. They were to sleep that night in Toulouse, and go on to the mountains before daybreak the next day, to avoid the heat. Madame came in and looked her over from head to foot. It was a pleasure, she said, to see her in full dress; and she walked round and round, giving little touches to the lace, and criticising the shade of the silk, while Bébé sat quiet, looking very earnestly and wonderingly, with his mother's diamond bracelets hung on his arms.

"Now," whispered Madame, as Estelle rose in the full splendour of diamonds and Brussels lace, "I must carry the child off, or he will be wanting to go with you, and——" She shook her head impressively.

Bébé heard, and threw himself down at his mother's feet. "I shall go with Mamma," he said sturdily, catching hold of her dress. Lisette screamed, and wrung her hands. "The lace!" she cried, "that I gave myself so much pains to get up. Alas! What terrible infant! Go then, my jewel, go then. Mamma will come back quickly to thee."

Madame tried her harsh voice in blandishments. "Come with me, little darling. Grandmamma has beautiful diamonds, beautiful pictures, in her cabinet." Bébé only shook his curly head. "None so beautiful as Mamma," he said, eyeing his grandmother saucily. "Behold the carriage!" said Lisette. Madame was out of all patience. There she was, embracing her boy again, and crumpling all the trimming and flowers

in front of her dress. Estelle, poor thing, was almost choking. She had never left him for a week before, and she was thinking, "How he will get scolded and teased, punished perhaps, when I am gone!" If she had dared, she would have taken off her diamonds and her splendid dress and stayed at home. But Raymond came in to tell her the carriage was waiting; and Madame made a dive at Bébé, caught him, and whisked him away. Estelle heard his cries through the closed door. "Oh," she cried, "Madame never let me say good-bye to him!" And she would have gone after her boy. But Raymond, glancing at his watch, said there was no time to lose, she could say good-bye when she came back, and he was hurrying her downstairs when Lisette rushed before her with an exclamation of horror at the crushed state of the trimming down the front of the dress. "Alas," she cried, while her nimble fingers effaced the marks of Bébé's embrace, "but I entreat Madame to make the embraces, another time, before she is dressed."

Raymond laughed, and handed his wife downstairs. "I think Grandmamma is not very far wrong when she says you spoil him," and then he added, looking at his watch again, "I do wish, though, that you would not be late. The horses will be in a lather."

Some married women are so accustomed to be found fault with by their lords, that they pay no more attention to the marital reproof than to the buzzing of a fly. Estelle's case was different. Raymond was almost the only person who never did find fault with her. She dared not trust herself to speak. She lay back in the carriage and put her bouquet up to her face. She longed more than ever to be back in her pretty Paris abode, where she should hear no more speeches prefaced with "*It is as Grandmamma says,*" which gave them all their sting.

It must be said, in justice to Raymond, that he was unconscious of a sting being conveyed by those words, or he would not have uttered them, even in the

moment of petulance caused by the fear of being late for the De Luzarches' dinner-party.

Estelle trembled inwardly when M. de Luzarches alluded to their return to the paternal house, during dinner, and congratulated himself on the acquisition to Toulousan society in the persons of M. and Madame Raymond, returned to the fair plains of Languedoc, the cradle of the Montaignes.

"One does not remain in the cradle all one's life," she said.

Raymond was too far off to hear. M. de Luzarches repeated it to him, adding, "But now you are here, we shall keep you."

Raymond said, "Till October."

"Till October!" cried Madame de Luzarches, with ever so many notes of exclamation in her voice. "What new thing is this? Madame de Montaigne said there was every probability of your giving up your house in Paris, and——"

"We should never think of doing that till *you* had honoured us by a visit," said Raymond gallantly, and turned the conversation to another channel.

"You will not surely stay down here?" Estelle said to her husband afterwards, with a view to find out if Madame de Montaigne had been throwing out hints to him. He scouted the idea. How could they hope to educate their son on right principles among a set of priest-ridden Legitimists? he asked. He wished his boy to grow up with a mind unbiassed, and judgment free from the trammels of time-honoured prejudices. A prejudice might be either true or false; but it was a prejudice, and, as such, an evil, as far as the judgment was concerned. Above all, he wished him not to become an anthropomorphite. Anthropomorphism was an amiable form of idolatry, no doubt, but narrowing to the intellect.

"Ah," she said, with a sigh—for she knew it was no use to argue with her intellectual husband—"I know, dear, that you are wonderfully clever. But this Supreme Being, as you call him, is not, and never could be, my God."

Raymond smiled down on her with

extreme benignity. She was intensely anthropomorphic, he said; it was the only fault he had to find with her. And yet, he thought, he would not have her otherwise.

"This God of yours," she went on, speaking out her thoughts boldly for once, for her boy's sake, "where shall I find Him? I have sat and listened for hours to you and your literary friends. I have understood a little, perhaps. Well, you talk and talk, you analyse, you generalize, and He seems to recede, farther and farther off, like the rainbow the child climbed after. A very grand God—somewhere—but quite unget-at-able. Mystery, uncertainty, no love. I should say, perhaps, a crushing Power——"

"Just so," Raymond began.

"But no World-Father; no Father to me and you. Listen!" Her face lit up with a sudden glow of inspiration. "My Raymond, when much depressed, or much elated, as we foolish women are sometimes—perhaps without great cause for either—He draws wonderfully nigh. He envelopes us with His presence, if I dare so to speak; and our poor souls commune with Him, and are rested and refreshed in some mysterious way, just for a little space."

"Sweet, enthusiastic little wife! If it were but true!" But he dismissed that *if*. "It would be unphilosophical," he said, "to deny any phenomena because in the actual state of our knowledge they are inexplicable. But you will allow that the influence of imagination in women is proverbial."

That was true, she knew; and again she drooped under the old feeling of incapacity and ignorance. And yet—how could that be a delusion which enabled people to bear pain and grief which else would madden them?

He observed that faith in relics had before now arrested disease: that the will stirred thoroughly into action had been known to transcend the curative power of physic or physician. He added, "At the same time, I admit that there is something awfully grand as well as poetical, in the idea of the direct communion of the human soul with the

Deity, the Soul of the Universe. I cannot say that at some future time, such may not be the normal relation of every soul to its Creator. It will be an order of things infinitely more grand than in the old days, when men went blindly to Him, putting the names of saints and martyrs before them, because they were ashamed to look Him in the face, having utterly lost all true sentiment of their own dignity, or of the true nature of God. If such a sentiment of communion with the Unseen were to come upon me unawares, I am inclined to think that I should do as you do, Estelle; accept it, and give myself up to the pleasure of it."

"Ah, my Raymond, if you could! Such moments are so good and pleasant. So father-and-child-like."

"But on the morrow, very likely I should be as self-dependent, as severely philosophical as ever."

"And what then, Raymond? One cannot have festival days every day, you know. And surely, to feel God near but once in a lifetime, is a grand and glorious thing."

"Yes, *mignonne*, if one could be quite sure that it was God, and not the creature of one's own imagination. But to return to the boy. You know I promised to leave him entirely to you for some time yet; only I don't want to have to undo every particle of your teaching when he does come under my care. Therefore, I must beg you to make his first education as unbiassed as possible; that is, to keep clear of dogmas."

It was not so difficult for her to promise compliance as it would have been when first she married. Anthropomorphite, as Raymond called her, yet her creed, as far as dogma went, was fast becoming assimilated to his—a Great Perhaps. She had remained firmer in her own faith, it may be, had she admired and loved him less. But as he had grown older, and especially since he had been much in the society of grave, sober men, most of whom had grown grey in the pursuit of what they conceived to be the truth, there had mingled gradually with his innate auda-

city, a humility which disarmed his wife's latent antagonism, touched her sympathies, and brought her half round to his side.

For there was greater nobleness, she saw, in his trembling negative, than in other men's bold assent, prompted by the cowardice which strove to stifle the "no" at the heart's core; the cowardice which recoiled from the time and patience and agony of thought required to make the "yes" a true one.

Was there not, she asked herself, greater purity in his soul, which shrank from doing homage by lip or knee to an unknown God, than in the souls of such as bent the knee and muttered the prayer because of the good that was to accrue thereby to themselves, making their prayer a species of spiritual traffic, their praise a species of spiritual gymnastic?

Finally, if innocence of life and humbleness of heart, and a burning love for truth, promised future insight into truth, to whom should that insight be given, if not to him, who, meanwhile, shrank from no depth of doubt? Let that God, who knew his heart better than she did, be judge.

It was this trust in Raymond's future which preserved his wife's serenity unruffled in the midst of the discussions of philosophers of every school. Some she heard descanting on the great Soul of the Universe; others—Comtists these—propounding man's only want, and future worship, to be the glory of woman; others, proclaiming the non-necessity of any God or any worship, yet shuddering, in spite of themselves, at the idea of infinite solitude, which was all they gained thereby: Raymond listening to each in turn, and looking eagerly for the germs of truth; lastly, listening to herself, if she could be induced to speak, which was but seldom, for the feeling of incapacity in clothing her own thoughts in learned language, and her distrust of her own logic, operated as a painful restraint on her; though he not unselfdom assured her he would rather, if it could be so, find the clue to truth from her lips, than watch

for it sitting at the feet of grave philosophers.

It can scarcely be wondered at, if she greatly withdrew herself from communion with those who would have loudly blamed her husband's conduct without entering into his motives; if she ceased from joining in those acts of worship where he, from purely conscientious scruples, could not follow her; and yet where her appearance alone would be to those assembled a tacit reproach to him.

It is impossible to say how long her mind might have maintained its unruffled calm, had circumstances not brought them down to Languedoc, where, as of old, the two religions were brought before her in ceaseless antagonism, and she was forced, as it were, to choose between the two for her little son. Even at the risk of disturbing Raymond and making a new quarrel with Madame, she would have felt it her duty to tell him the efforts made by the latter to bias the child's mind, had not his strong assurance of their return to Paris given her a sufficient reason for keeping silence respecting a trouble which a few weeks, at most, must put an end to.

It was like an English honeymoon, Raymond declared, as they rolled along the road to the mountains. He regretted that they had not had one. They would have one some day; they would go away, hide themselves somewhere for a month, and then emerge and go on in the beaten track again.

"And what should we do with Boy?" said Estelle.

"The little incumbrance!" said Raymond, gleefully; "why, he has two grandmamas. They should cast lots for possession."

It was astonishing how Raymond's spirits rose, she thought, as soon as he was beyond his mother's reach. It was all very fine for people to talk of the necessity of exercising self-control, but there were, or ought to be, limits even to that virtue. She was conscious, herself, of a greater buoyancy, now that she was no longer watched by Madame.

If they only had the boy with them, their existence, for the time being at least, would be perfect. As things were, she said, they would have to postpone their honeymoon until their silver wedding.

"Until we have half a dozen little incumbrances," he cried, "and perhaps no grandmamas left to take care of them? No! Let us rather make use of present opportunities. I call this, honeymoon number one. Next year we will devise number two. Seest thou, it cannot be a honeymoon, unless I have thee all to myself—to myself. Ah! If we two could only go on like this, for ever and for ever! Dear, dearer far than on the day I called thee mine! Kinder far, more beautiful!"

Her hand sought his in the twilight. For they had been travelling all day, with only a rest during the hottest hours; and now they had entered the heart of the mountains. Lourdes, with its donjon keep standing threateningly on top of the bare rock, lay far behind. They were passing the dismantled tower of Bidalos, a relic of feudal times and petty warfare. Far before them, lay the two mountain gorges: that of Caunterets to the right, and close to it on the left, the gorges of Ling, with the black mountain of Pierrefitte boldly blocking up the way to its fairyland of snow-peaks. The twilight came down fast, tinging rocks and slopes and vivid pasture lands with quiet grey. Only for one moment a ray of the setting sun lingered on the horn of the Pic de Viscos. It stood like a pink cloud hovering above the peaks; then died away, and the night-wind suddenly rose and swept downwards from the gorges, reviving man and beast with its cooling breath. The maize in the ear shook and the bean-pods flapped to

and fro as it passed; the vines waved their long branches, and the roses lifted up their drooping heads and drank in the subtle moisture. The oxen ceased their lowing; the cry of the driver, the *arré*, that had resounded far and near all day long, ceased, with the last tinkle of the Angelus-bell from the steeple of the highest church on the mountain side. The stars shone out from the depth of the pure sky. The spirit of peace brooded over the valley. They felt it was good to be there; the very silence blessed them.

"If it could only be thus," he murmured, his cheek resting on hers—"if we could only roll on thus, for ever and for ever!"

Without the anti-climax that awaited them at the end of the valley? "A thousand times yes," said she. And then she thought, remembering the last time she had passed through the valley. "How he loves me! How I wish he were my first love; for I do love him dearly, dearly! Only, if he were my first love, perhaps I should not long quite so much—who knows—to have Boy with me. Ah! my Raymond!"

It was almost pain to know how deeply he loved her. She felt as if she never should be able quite to fathom it. He felt no pain, she knew. He never should. And it was only at those rare moments when his heart stood thus open to her, showing the perfect entirety of his love, that she was made conscious of the flaw in her own. Oh, that little, little flaw! Was it worth a heartache? Was it not better that her love should have grown thus, in spite of the flaw, than that it should have cooled from its first glow? Yes. Far better, she told herself; since of two evils one naturally chooses the least.

To be continued.

CHILDREN'S LITERATURE.

BY MISS YONGE.

PART III.—CLASS LITERATURE OF THE LAST THIRTY YEARS.

JUST as the "Tracts for the Times" were moving the thinking world, there appeared a little book called "The Fairy Bower," ostensibly a mere child's story, but written with a peculiar suggestiveness of portraiture that rendered it a somewhat puzzling study to heads of families. The plot is briefly this: Grace Leslie, the only child of a widowed mother, is, at ten years old, taken to spend a month among a gay family named Ward, who have a large number of exceedingly strict and precise cousins called Duff. Grace chances, in conversation about an intended Christmas party with Mary Anne Duff, to suggest decorating a little ante-room with paper flowers, and calling it a Fairy Bower; and this idea is taken up by Mary Anne, and announced as her own. The plan turns out a success: the grown people admire it extremely, and the inventor is called for and crowned Queen of the Fairy Bower; Grace, in consternation, and half incredulity of her companion's baseness, holding back while Mary Anne, in a sort of dull complacency, accepts the triumph. Suspicion that all is not right arises, but lights upon the innocent Grace, and finally the whole is cleared up by her godfather, a sort of original, who comes out with downright truths in the Johnsonian style. He forces a confession from Mary Anne, and rectifies the injustice. This is the plot, weak chiefly in the unnatural importance which this childish affair obtains in the neighbourhood, but quite enough for the unfolding of much remarkable thought and character, with the more curious cleverness, because, with the exception of a few conversations among the elders, the whole is treated from among the children. The book does not, like most of those for

the young, work out a proposition; it rather states a problem, and then leaves it. And that seems to be, "What are our systems of education making of our children?" So we have them all vividly set before us. The Evangelical governess who never punishes, but only touches the feelings, presents us with four pupils—the callous, self-satisfied Mary Anne, dull of conscience, and impervious to treatment invented for finer natures; the model Constance, sincerely pious, pragmatical, and interfering; the romantic, sentimental Fanny, with her poetical instincts undirected; and quiet, good, undemonstrative, and therefore neglected, Charlotte. Besides these, there is the pretentious young lady from a fashionable boarding-school, and three boys—the merry, clever, unthinking George; Campbell Duff, for whom the real religion of his home has been redeemed from narrowness in the wholesome public-school atmosphere; and one sadly significant likeness of the good-for-nothing son of a pious mother whom he deceives. Then there is Emily, a bright, sweet picture of a well-natured school-girl, far from faultless, but with true instincts; and there is her thoughtful little sister Ellen, soundly brought up by a quiet, old, orthodox grand-mamma in the country; with sparkling, sensitive little Grace, wondering among them all, as each acts and speaks according to his or her nature, and leaves us questioning—Who has found the right way? What will this come to?

Nor does the second part, the "Lost Brooch," fully answer the question. It is quite as clever, and as full of a certain restrained irony, as is its predecessor, but in some measure less sparkling, and it concerns the same parties in the early years of youth instead of childhood.

All are here met at Hastings for a month of holiday, and in a like manner develop their several characters. Mary Anne is, perhaps, the cleverest picture of all, with her outward condemnation of everything fashionable as worldly, and her real worship of money; her caught-up phrases and genuine selfishness, her conceit and power of availing herself of other people's service, and altogether the thin varnish caught from her clever, strong, puritanical, consistent sister Constance, laid over a naturally slow selfish nature; Constance perfect up to her own standard as ever, rigid and tyrannical, and utterly blind to all that does not agree with her preconceived ideas; and Fanny, more and more alienated from her family by their utter want of sympathy for her imaginative nature, which runs further and further into sentiment and folly for want of guidance. While, on the other hand, the cousins Emily and Ellen Ward have grown up, the one into a bright, clever, lively woman, the other into a wise, grave, pensive looker-on; and Grace Leslie, sunny and deep, and ready to love, sympathise with, and admire all, moves about them, as Emily says, as though her motto were, "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good."

The humour of the plot lies in the two great errors into which the Duffs fall. They meet with an adventurer who succeeds in severally persuading Mary Anne and Fanny that he is deeply attached to each, and Constance that he has been converted and made a Christian through her instrumentality, while at the same time Constance's lost brooch becomes the occasion of a vehement persecution of an innocent servant-girl, who is beset with exhortations and threats, all with the beneficent intention of securing an inmate for a new reformatory. Even when the fascinating Osmond Guppy proves to be a thorough scoundrel, about to retrieve his fortunes by marrying a cheese-monger's widow, and the brooch comes to light in Constance's own dressing-box, that consistent lady and Mary Anne

remain of the same opinion still, and contend that, the one being a converted character and the other unconverted, they have not been guilty of the slightest injustice in either instance. The whole sounds exaggerated, but in reality is brought about in such a manner that we believe in almost every step as we go, and are provoked just as we should be by real people.

The conversations, whether deep or gay, are wonderfully interesting, and contain many valuable little bits of thought, and remarks or queries not easily forgotten. There are humorous bits of description, too, such as when Mr. Duff's chief interest in Battle Abbey lies in turning up the cover of the table in the living rooms, and estimating the cost of the mahogany; such too as the Duffs' extremely heavy dinner-party; and the domineering power of Constance over her family and neighbourhood. Altogether these two are memorable books, and though nowhere inculcating any distinctively High Church doctrines, yet there can be no doubt that they did their part towards the Church movement by manifesting the unloveliness and unsatisfactoriness of this particular phase of suburban Evangelicalism. Another work done by them was the creation of the class of literature now termed "books for the young," standing between the child's story and the full-grown novel. We do not mean that there were no such books before, but as a school they seemed to rise up either in imitation of, or almost in rivalry to, the "Fairy Bower" and "Lost Brooch." Most people who had any power of writing felt that though anything so curiously clever and covertly satirical as these was impossible, yet that something more distinctly improving could be produced upon the same field.

The worst of it is, that the multitude of "tales" certainly do prevent the reading of books requiring more attention. Young people grow up from the story-book to the tale period, and while there is undeniably harmless food within their reach, they are interdicted

from the study of that which would stretch their minds lest they should meet with anything objectionable; and thus the mind absolutely becomes cramped, and there is no power of turning for recreation to reading that stretches the faculties.

No one has protested more strongly against this custom than Miss Sewell in her "Principles of Education." The system that keeps girls in the school-room reading simple easy stories, without touching Scott, Shakespeare, or Spenser, and then hands them over to the unexplored recesses of Mudie's boxes, has been shown by her to be the most *frivolizing* that can be devised; and she has set forward the result of her experience that a good novel, especially a romantic one, read at twelve or fourteen, is a really beneficial thing.

We have said that children have no sympathy with the sentiment of love, but they have plenty with the romance, and these are very different things. The tender feelings of the hero and heroine are utterly uninteresting, but the adventures and disasters they undergo, their bravery and constancy, are delightful, and raise the whole tone of the mind. And there is infinitely less danger of putting foolish fancies into a girl's head by letting her enjoy the escapades of Catherine Seyton, or weep for Lucy Ashton, than by letting her turn over the good little book where a child like herself flirts with her brotherly first cousin, and marries him at last. Nay, even "the objectionable" characters that mothers shrink from leaving before girls' eyes are unlikely to do harm in creatures so unlike themselves. Brian de Bois Guilbert or Julian Avenel are as unlikely to taint their minds as Jupiter or Mars, Henry II. or Louis XIV.; and if a girl at eighteen can plunge into a book box, or meet on a drawing-room table with "Beatrice" or "Cometh up as a Flower," surely it is well that at sixteen she should have seen crime treated with loathing and abhorrence.

There is a prodigious amount of what

may be called class literature. Every one writes books for some one: books for children, books for servants, books for poor men, poor women, poor boys, and poor girls. It is not enough to say, "Thou shalt not steal," but the merchant must be edified by the tale of a fraudulent banker, the school-boy by hearing how seven cherries were stolen, the servant must be told how the wicked cook hid her mistress' ring in the innocent scullery-maid's box; the poor man has a pig stolen for his benefit, the poor boy a sovereign, the poor girl a silk handkerchief. Why is not one broad, well-taught principle better than so much application in detail?

We must not be misunderstood. It is well to picture any one class or way of life thoroughly; a vivid scene well painted is sure to be worth having, and real likenesses are, generally speaking, useful studies: but it is the endeavour to hold up a mirror to each variety of reader of his or her way of life, as if there were no interest beyond it, and nothing else could be understood or cared for, that we think narrowing and weakening. If it be true that imagination is really needful to give the power of doing as we would be done by, surely it is better to have models set before us not immediately within our own range. A good book is a good book to whosoever can understand it, and there is often a power of grasping a part of the meaning when there is no power of explanation. Moreover, there is a habit now abroad in the world of supposing that any writing is good enough for children and for the poor. Never has this fallacy been better exposed than by the author of "My Life, and What shall I do with it?" She points out, that while the clever mechanic can borrow highly-spiced newspapers and pamphlets adverse to all religion, he finds his wife and children supplied with meek, mawkish, ill-argued tracts and story-books, whose dulness and want of point he sets down to their subject instead of to their authors, and he becomes contemptuous when he might have been touched. Nothing ought to be more diligently

selected than books sent forth among the town-poor, and nothing more diligently weeded from among them than the feeble little tales of seraphic children who regularly meet with an accident, or break a blood-vessel,—the whole genus of tales written because the author wanted the money for so good a purpose that no one had the heart to nip her aspirations in the bud.

As a rule, what poor people and servants really like is a story with what more educated persons think rather an over-amount of pathos, going to the verge—if not over it—of sentimentality. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is the type of the style they love. *Attendrissement*—to borrow a French word—must be a strong sensation with them. Miss Sewell's "Earl's Daughter," though far from the best of her works, is delightful to the maid-servant and the dressmaker class, who are the chief readers among the grown-up poor, excepting, of course, invalids, and the clever mechanics, of whom, having no knowledge, we say nothing. As to servants, it really is needless to try to select books for them, considering the cheapness of novels, and their easy access to all we have in the house. We believe the best treatment is to keep out of the way whatever we think absolutely deleterious, and to lend freely anything good or interesting, such, for instance, as Mrs. Craik's "Noble Life," which is exceedingly relished.

One or two of Mrs. Gaskell's lesser tales deserve mention, as standing out—as well they may—far above the average of the literature usually supposed appropriate to the Lending Library. They are to be found in a volume of her lesser works, so ingeniously put together by Messrs. Chapman and Hall as to make it impossible to give it to the intended readers of full a third of the stories. "Lizzie Leigh, and other Stories," is the title. The first is a piteous tale of the sin we most carefully keep from children's knowledge, and it is presently followed by a terrible ghost-story from *Household Words*. Then comes "Mr. Harrison's Confessions,"

one of the author's most delicious bits of humour, but such as only *true* lovers of her delicate aroma can appreciate; and after this her unrivalled "Libbie Marsh's Three Eras," a most beautiful and touching Manchester story, fit for any rank, and almost any age; and the "Sexton's Hero," a grand sketch of the tide on the Morecombe Sands. *N.B.*—Whenever any of our readers chances to be pressed into the service of that distressing institution, a "Penny Reading," we recommend him the "Sexton's Hero," if he desires to be pathetic; or its companion, "Christian Storms and Sunshine," if he goes in for the comic. The two last stories, "Hand and Heart," and "Betsy's Troubles at Home," are capital for children, but they are no doubt early productions; they are not the real Mary Gaskell, but a clever pupil of the Edgeworth and Martineau style.

If, however, we were to dwell on the books about or for the poor, or their children, that we have a kindness for or have found successful, we should simply become a catalogue, and we will therefore only repeat our strong conviction that skim milk, innocent fluid as it may seem, is apt to turn sour, and that nobody ought to attempt to write for the poor (any more than for the rich) who cannot do so with sense and spirit, as well as with a good moral. As a pattern of what such a book ought to be, let us mention "Helpful Sam," a tale that first came out in *Mozley's Magazine for the Young* (which, by the by, wonderfully contrives to avoid *flabby* stories). The hero is a lad who makes his first appearance at a Sunday-school in such a gorgeous waistcoat as to distract the attention of his companions, and who turns out to be a workhouse-boy apprenticed to a brutal chimney-sweeper with a good, meek wife. The quaint contrasts and droll sayings of the actors in the story are so thoroughly life-like, that we believe no one could take up the little book without becoming interested; and the writer has been content, not to transgress all possibilities, by bringing in those dreadful long-winded, highly moral fathers and

mothers, who are still extant in the cottages of the venerable S.P.C.K.

We remember our own youthful horror of such excellent mouthpieces of wisdom, though we used to consider them a necessary qualification in a story. "I believe the *horrid old prosiness* is the mother," said a young friend to us, while relating her hasty glimpse of a new story. And yet while we are sure that it is a mistake to put preachments such as no mortal can be supposed to make into the mouths of the *dramatis personæ*, we think that the notion that a book is really better as mere literature and more amusing for not having a moral is an error. Very brief sportive sketches without a purpose may be endurable, but if prolonged they need *pith*. The old fairy-tales were, as we know, remnants of mighty myths, the "Arabian Nights" are the growth of ancient fancies dealing with dreamily-apprehended truths; and the very few modern inventions that can, even while in the forefront of the scene, class with such, have some earnestness and solidity in their mould, and are shadows of something greater. Such are "Undine" and "Sintram;" such are the best of Hans Christian Andersen's, a man who has immensely over-written himself, but whose "Ugly Duckling," "True Princess," "Emperor of China's Clothes," and "Lark," have already acquired a sort of force, like a proverb, by their wonderful terseness of irony and truth. Who recollects more than a queer phrase or two in such of his stories as have not a definite purpose, or are not, like "The Little Mermaid" and the "Seven Swans," graceful versions of old popular legends? Perhaps there have been three really original fairy-tales (we call them so for want of a better name) produced within the last twenty years—we mean the "Water-Babies," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," and the "Light Princess," though we hesitate in naming the latter, because it dwells in the hackneyed world of kings and princesses and fairy god-mothers; while the other two have the mark of originality—they deal with creatures of our own day, and just dip

them into the realms of Dreamland. Of these two, we confess that the latent though not consistent meanings that run through the "Water-Babies" seem to us to render it more attractive than even the exquisite bits of fun in "Alice." The one seems a book to chain the interest, the other one to take up by chance.

To be overdone with moral is a fatal thing. To force events, even imaginary, to illustrate some maxim is ruinous; yet it seems to us that a book so written has really a better chance of getting a permanent hold on the mind than the whipped syllabus of fiction. "Garry, a Holiday Story" is a little modern tale that *boasts* of no moral, and certainly it has none, for the child (a detestable, forward, saucy child) really acts the part of a dog-stealer, carries the creature to the sea-side in defiance of a much-bullied aunt, and finally gets it given to her. There is a good deal of a sort of facetiousness in the book, but we cannot believe it would gain the affections of any child.

And to take its very opposite—"Uncle Peter's Fairy Tale." The idea is not novel: it is the oft-told story of the fulfilment of wishes; but in this case they are the wishes of a party of amiable, beneficent ladies and gentlemen, such as may be met with in any country-house; and the literal accomplishment of them produces the most ludicrous and delicious situations, told with such humour that no one can help being amused, whether young or old. For instance, the amiable head of the family wishes all lawyers in Nova Zembla, and the respectable solicitor is instantly transported thither in shaving costume. The romantic young lady wishes to be borne aloft on a cloud, and finds herself in a dismal bank of fog. She also wishes her friend to be regaled with continual music, whereupon the speech of the whole household becomes song. But there is a strong purpose through the whole; and though the graver conversations, and sometimes the ironical ones, which are interspersed, are too long, and sometimes too heavy, they save the book

from being mere froth and buffoonery, and the underlying earnestness is the real cause of its exceeding drollery. We do not believe that there can be sparkle where there is not depth. A liking for buffoonery is one of the tastes to be especially discouraged. Fun is a very different matter. Fun and playfulness may crop out everywhere, and join with pathos, nobility, and earnestness, just as Shakespeare and Cervantes mingled them; but an exclusive preference for extravagance is most unwholesome, and even perverting. It becomes destructive of reverence, and soon degenerates into coarseness; it permits nothing poetical or imaginative, nothing sweet or pathetic to exist; and there is a certain self-satisfaction and superiority in making game of what others regard with enthusiasm or sentiment, which absolutely bars the way against a higher or softer tone. Perhaps those who remember the published letters of young officers during the Indian and Jamaica mutinies, may perceive why it is well to keep boys from thinking it "the thing" to talk slang-comedy over a terrific real life tragedy. Most works with that prefix "*Comic*"—"Comic History of England," "Comic Latin Grammar," &c.—are mere catch-pennies for boys, and can only teach them the love of burlesque out of place. We do not mean to stigmatize all parody and drollery. Some of the poems we love best will perfectly stand a clever parody, but there must be a certain quality of *gaieté de cœur* and light delicacy to make such things charming. Premeditated conventional fun is the unhappy commodity. Who can measure out wit by the yard?

Exaggeration is the great error of the books that are written avowedly for boy-taste, such as the whole Mayne Reid school, which stimulate the appetite for the marvellous by a series of adventures not absolutely impossible individually, but monstrously improbable in rapid succession. The love of sensation is thus fed, so that boys lose their interest in all that is real. In truth, we have little liking for "books

for boys." If boys have healthy, intelligent minds, they would be doing much better if they were reading books for men. Many boys really care not at all for stories, but have a vehement affection for some branch of natural history, for mechanics, or physical science, and will take infinite trouble of their own accord to follow the study, which they have quite the power to do, out of any popular manual. Others are delighted with real travels (i.e. if they are not spoilt with false ones), and such books as Franklin, Kane, Livingstone, Erskine, and the Alpine Club give us are full of charms for them; and those who do love a story will not, after eleven or twelve years old, be put off with "Robert and Frederick: a Book for Boys," and the like; but, unless they are wholesomely fed on the real sound romance, will fall upon some trash that their friends have never thought of warning them against. School-boy literature is thus more read by mothers, sisters, and little boys longing to be at school, than by the boys themselves. A very clever one, "Herbert's Holidays," a capital portrait of a very fresh Etonian, was evidently regarded as an insult by his congeners, who, like him, had instantly written home for leave to buy a new hat, engaging to "wear out the old one at church in the holidays," or who had made strong endeavours to bring the paternal mansion up to the standard of gentility supposed to be worthy of the bosom friend. "A Hero: Philip's Book," by Mrs. Craik, has never seemed to us to be known nearly as well as it deserves. It purports to be the narrative of an English boy who had been sent to spend a half-year in the family of an uncle, a professor at Glasgow, having been told beforehand that one of his cousins was "somewhat of a hero." How he selected as this hero the big, handsome, good-natured bully Hector, worshipped him abjectly, and became gradually undeceived, is told in his own words, and with some delicious descriptions of mountain-climblings, and of boating on the Clyde. Whether boys like it or not we do not know; we are sure that men and women

must do so. "The Crofton Boys," again, by Harriet Martineau, is full of life and cleverness. It was suggested, she tells us, by the story of the good tutor who had the honour of sitting for Dominie Sampson. The generous manner in which he concealed the author of the accident that maimed him is imitated in little Hugh, a truly boyish little hero, drawn with all Miss Martineau's charm of humorous simplicity. Perhaps Mr. Hope's "Stories of School-life" is more a book for masters than for boys. It is clever and amusing, but does not so much attain the creature's own point of view as make a study of him, and of the effects of certain treatment upon him. It just falls short of what the unapproachable "Tom Brown" really does, and is, in fact, too palpably trying to tread in his steps, though at a far less distance than does that morbid dismal tale, "Eric's School-days," which we hope no mother or boy ever reads, since it really can answer no purpose but to make them unhappy and suspicious, besides that it enforces by numerous telling examples that the sure reward of virtue is a fatal accident.

Another and much wider field is the tale for girls; a much more convenient one, inasmuch as those for whom they are written really do read them, and like them. There are so many hours of a girl's life when she must sit still, that a book is her natural resource, and reading becomes to her like breathing. The real difficulty is how to prevent the childish reading of story-books from becoming a preparation for unmitigated novel-reading in after-life; and we confess that this is a serious difficulty when education is so straining the powers that real relaxation of the mind is absolutely needed in play-hours. Our own private theory is that we ought to *teach* girls less, while we should encourage them to *learn* more.

However, this is a branch on which we do not feel competent to enter, and we had better return to our more immediate object of noting the styles we think most or least successful. Some few people have a wonderful art of

writing about children from a child's point of view. It is a rare power. We know some clever little books that are really charming studies for the lovers of childhood, but that somehow do not suit the real children. We mean "Read me a Story," "Little People," and above all "Little Maggie and her Brother." In all three instances the portraits are genuine, and the two last are of extremely clever children. Now the un-failing characteristic of children of any ability is that they are continually growing on unexpected sides of their mind, and saying things extraordinarily queer, either in their acuteness, observation, or simplicity, and utterly unlike the conventional child. At the same time the entire being is childish, and is generally incapable of tolerating the follies or understanding the precociousness of its contemporary. So when the dreamy fancies of its fellow-child in their undeveloped state are set before it without censure, it is bewildered by the book not treating them as either naughty or silly, and feels out of its element. A study such as Dr. John Brown made of Marjorie Fleming is exquisite for parents, but the child cannot understand the point of view. Nor can it (happily) understand the manner in which reflective grown-up people view the faults of childhood. For them things must be always positively good or naughty. Thus "Mrs. Boss's Niece"—which is to us as good as a comedy, so wonderful is the humour of the description of the troubles of two good old aunts of the retired shop-keeper class, with a little harum-scarum Irish niece suddenly left on their hands—fails when given to children. They are entirely unconscious of the admirable drawing of the nervous, anxious, broken-spirited widow, who, though wearing the gayest colours, fidgeting intolerably, and going out to tea on the hottest day of June in a huge fur tippet, had yet the wonderful true judgment of simplicity and humility; and though they are amused for a moment at the Irish girl's wonderful romancings about riding a pig, and shooting an arrow that broke

the leg of the major's macaw, they are shocked and dissatisfied that no condign punishment falls on such monstrous untruths, and they miss the delicate touch that shows how in reality all trust is forfeited. Another remarkable study of character is to be found in a tiny brochure, one of Groombridge's Magnet Stories, by name "Dear Charlotte's Boys." A pair of schoolboys have the audacity to borrow from another couple of brothers a superfluous invitation from some friends of their parents to whom they were personally unknown. The predicaments are very amusing, but the point of the story is the remarkable manner in which a fault, even unconfessed, sometimes becomes the turning-point of the character. It is a matter of experience and consolation, curious as being unlike the conventional moral, and yet in many cases true. It is not an example to children, but it may serve to encourage the "love, hope, and patience," that Coleridge introduces as the sister graces of education.

Some of the tales that strike us as best winning a child's affection by viewing the world really with its own eyes, yet without puerility, are a little square book now some five and twenty years old, called "Little Alice and her Sister;" a pair on the list of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge named "Little Lucy" and "Sally Rainbow's Stories;" and lastly "The Vendale Lost Property Office," where the child grown up relates her experiences on being sent from India to live in an uncle's family with a charming *naïve* humour and tenderness. It is remarkable how the author has contrived to indicate every character most distinctly while making the narrator herself appear to have only a child's indistinct consciousness of the natures of those around her. The "Copesey Annals," by the same author, have something of the same charm, but they suit elders better than children. Some of the children's stories written by the author of "Janet's Home," such as "Mia and Charlie" and "Blind-man's Holiday," have a great charm of childlikeness. So has her "The Cousins

and their Friends," one of the best things that have been in *Aunt Judy's Magazine*. J. H. G.'s own stories in "Melchior's Home," i.e. the "Viscount's Friend" and "Friedrich's Ballad," are exquisitely felt and told, but not children's. Mrs. Gatty's "Parables of Nature" are exquisite works of thought. Her "Worlds not Realized" we rank still higher; but we regard most of hers as fit for grown people, or for such dreamy, thoughtful children as read full-grown books. They are above the ordinary childish mind, though all the better for that. And we must not pass without mention Gwynfrun's fresh and delightful "Friends in Fur and Feathers," real animal stories, told with a free light-handed touch of frolic and pathos, that is like the soft spring wind breathing lightly over the moorland.

Stories intended to teach history or dramatize travels are generally a failure; the information sits like the Old Man of the Sea upon the poor characters, and strangles them. Yet a few of the late Dr. J. M. Neale's tales were wonderfully vivid and touching. We will just specify among his "Triumphs of the Cross" the story called "Eric's Grave," of the man who leapt down among the wolves to call them off from his master's escape in his carriage, and a shilling book named "The Exiles of the Cevenna," a journal of the adventures of a party of early Christians fleeing from persecution and taking refuge in the hollow of a gigantic tree, whither their persecutors follow them, but are beset by the wolves. One soldier is saved by being dropped in among the Christians, and then ensues a grisly blockade by the wolves, ended at last by a chase coming out from the next village. Miss Martineau's "Feats on the Fiord" — a very different style — is delightful, though only by, we are afraid, a sort of Arcadian treatment of the bonders of Norway, whom she has made very unlike real life.

In general, history and travels stand best on their own merits, without being made into pap, though it is necessary to write some history for children, because education now requires a knowledge of

names and facts to be acquired before the longer history can be grasped. Mythology likewise must be treated expressly for childhood. This has been done playfully by Nathaniel Hawthorne in his "Tanglewood Tales," earnestly by Kingsley in his "Heroes," and scientifically in Cox's various volumes, all of which are delightful to a child, and with which should always be joined (when reprinted, as we trust it will be) "The Heroes of Asgard," by the author of "Janet's Home." This lady's "Letters on Early Egyptian History," with Miss Sewell's histories of Greece and of Rome, supply nearly all that is wanted in Ancient History. Modern History is worse off, but in real truth, after a girl has read a series of abridged histories sufficient to give the chain of events, good biographies, and good selections from standard books, such as parents or teachers *ought* to understand providing, would be infinitely more beneficial than tons of babyish "Stories from Froissart," "Stories of Cavaliers and Roundheads," &c. &c., all for the most part sheer book making, all the raciness taken away, and foolish explanations weakening the point.

After all, our conclusion as to children's literature is a somewhat Irish one, for it is—use it as little as possible; and then only what is really substantially clever and good. Bring children as soon as possible to stretch up to books above them, provided those books are noble and good. Do not give up such books on account of passages on which it would be inconvenient to be questioned on. If the child is in the habit of meeting things beyond comprehension it will pass such matters unheeded with the rest. We believe no child was ever contaminated by "The Fairy Queen," "Don Quixote," "The Vicar of Wakefield," or "The Arabian Nights." The only things to put out of its way are those that *nobody* ought to read, certainly not its mother. And if father or mother will take the pains to lead and sympathise with the child's tastes, encouraging but not overruling, they will find their palate curiously adapting itself to judge for and with the child, and will enjoy a fresh feast of all the old favourites of their lives. It seems like a sacrifice, but it is one worth making, and it proves all pleasure.

NOTE to the ARTICLE on "THE POPE'S POSTURE IN COMMUNION," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July 1869.

THE following is from Montaigne's description of the Mass at St. Peter's on Christmas Day, 1580.

A. P. S.

"Il lui sembla nouveau, et en cete messe et autres, que le pape et cardinaux et autres prelatz y sont assis, et, quasi tout le long de la messe, couverts, devisans, et parlans ensamble."—MONTAIGNE, *Journal du Voyage*, i. 283.

LADY DUFF-GORDON AND HER WORKS.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

"If I live till September, I will go up to Esneh, where the air is softest and I cough less."

These words, written so lately as the latest days of our vanished summer, are among the last which friends and relatives can treasure up from the many eloquently simple letters of Lucy, Lady Duff-Gordon.

She did *not* "live till September;" and the month which opens blank for all those who valued the charm of her correspondence and companionship, cannot be better consecrated, in the pages of a Magazine which has so often been enriched by her contributions, than by some notice of her life and literary labours.

The only child of very intellectual parents, Lady Gordon had the advantage not only of hereditary abilities but of educational training. From the earliest dawn of her young days the impression must have been received that some use was to be made of human faculties; some harvest garnered from the rich sheaves of the hours allotted to man, even though his life be counted but as a span in length.

Her father was the celebrated writer and lecturer on Jurisprudence, of which science he was Professor at the London University; and his published lectures (to the second edition of which is prefixed a preface by his talented wife, Sarah Austin) have taken their place as standard authority in legal libraries. Her mother, descended from the Taylors of Norwich, may be said to have left a European reputation for ability. Acquainted with, and welcomed by, most of the distinguished persons of her time, in the chief continental cities as well as in her own country; endowed also with the more fleeting feminine advantage of great personal beauty, Mrs. Austin attracted wherever she

went a circle of friends and admirers; fit associates for her studious and intellectual husband, and fit companions in her own literary pursuits.

Mr. Austin's health, and a certain nervousness of constitution, making the legal profession burdensome to him, he changed that career, and became officially employed in Malta and elsewhere. Indefatigable in her endeavours to share his labours and improve his successes while he lived,—Mrs. Austin, after his decease, edited and published the collected lectures of which we have already made mention; and filled in, from abridged memoranda, portions of the difficult work which he had died without completing.

Such was the parentage of Lucy Austin. She married young, to the husband of her choice, Sir Alexander Duff-Gordon, Bart., of an ancient and distinguished Scottish race. Her childhood was singularly lonely. Days and days passed by without companions of her own age or of any other age. "Alone by herself" she mused and roamed,—unchecked, unquestioned, and unamused by the usual occupations of girlish existence. Once, as she described it, standing in the garden, gazing dreamily at some sunflowers, with vague recollections of mythical stories, such perhaps as her mother has translated for us in the fascinating "Story without an End,"—a friend of her parents accosted her. "My face must have been very sad," she said, "for he asked me *what was the matter?* I answered, Nothing was the matter, only I was wishing the sunflowers could talk to me!"

From this early and intense loneliness probably sprung much of that independence and concentration of thought which marked the progressive stages of her rapidly-maturing intellect. A great

reader, a great thinker, very original in her conclusions, very eager in impressing her opinions, her mind was not like those of many women, filled with echoes of other folk's sayings, and chapters folded down from other folk's commonplace books. The sunflowers may have talked to her at last, for aught we know, for from the aspect of nature, and the study of human nature such as she found it, she drew her unassisted lessons of knowledge. As life advanced, as the field of her experience widened, many of these conclusions became modified; the angles of sharp decision were rounded off; and commerce with her kind taught her the wide indulgence and sympathy she afterwards showed for all who suffered or struggled in the up-hill labour of life. It is not too much to say, of this feature in her character, that from the hours of her lone childhood to the hour of her lonelier death, the idea of not "lending a helping hand" when help of any sort was in her power, never appears even to have crossed her imagination. She died, as she had lived, endeavouring to help. Such endeavour had been her chief pleasure in younger and happier days; it became her one absorbing occupation in days of sickness, suffering, and exile.

Great energy she showed in that, as in all her pursuits. Nothing was left slack or incomplete in work undertaken by her. Her literary tasks were no flighty or hurried strokes of cleverness, but the result of patient and careful study. When the fire was out in the forge of her labours, and the sparks off the anvil were dead, the solid welded work remained; for use, for permanence, and for the behoof of others. In the preparation of one of her books, "The Amber Witch" (a single volume, apparently a mere romance), she read through—in order, as she said, to familiarize her mind with the subject—a mass of narratives relating to that bygone superstition, and such trials as have survived in printed records. One of these especially struck her. A woman aged thirty-six or thereabouts, with a husband and many children, was accused of witch-

craft. It was the law of the time not to execute till after confession. This woman was contumacious; not only she would not confess, but she declared that to the best of her belief there was no such thing as witchcraft. She was remanded again and again to torture and to prison. At length she announced her confession, and was led to die with others under a like sentence. She got leave to speak a few words to the crowd of spectators, and suddenly reiterated to them her utter disbelief in witchcraft and her innocence. "But," said she, "since even my husband and children hold me to be a witch, I am content to die rather than to live this day." Lady Gordon laid down the book and said, "I feel *with* that woman."

The patience necessary for translated work is far greater than that requisite for original composition; in which, to those who really have the gift, there must always be a certain degree of pleasure. Such patience Lady Gordon possessed in a high degree. Her earliest task was the translation from Niebuhr of the "Greek Legends." Ranke's "History of Prussia," in three volumes, was rendered by her into excellent English. She selected and compiled the most remarkable of Feuerbach's "Criminal Trials" with singular ability and judgment; Ranke's "Ferdinand and Maximilian," Moltke's "Russian Campaigns," and "The French in Algiers," were also products of her industry; and among her lighter labours (if lighter they may be called, rendering from a language which has so little analogy with our own) we count a translation from the French of Madame d'Arbouville's "Village Doctor," and the "Stella and Vanessa" of Léon de Wailly. This latter story, which originally appeared as a *feuilleton* in a newspaper, fell still-born from the press, and remained unnoticed till after Lady Gordon's translation had appeared. It was then published in France as a separate volume, with very great success, which the author complimentarily declared he owed in the first instance to his English translator.

In the midst of this busy intellectual life, varied by much mingling with the best and brightest of social circles, and rendered precious by many friendships firmly clung to and warmly reciprocated, Lady Gordon's health suddenly failed. Physicians were consulted. She was to give up all these habitual delights and occupations, and begin that long exile, from which there has been no return beyond brief and perilous visits to her native country, which she had again to forsake more discouraged and inviolated than before.

At first, like most English patients whose lungs are affected or threatened, she was advised to try the climate of the Cape of Good Hope, and she set out for that distant colony with something of the spirit of its name brightening her mind. Her invalided condition neither altered the cheerfulness of her temper nor abated her keen interest in all surrounding objects, animate or inanimate. Her "Letters from the Cape" obtained a wide and universal popularity. Readers to whom the dry subjects or difficult details of her German historical and political translations were unknown or distasteful, eagerly perused the graphic pages, so full of life, earnestness, quick observation, and playful humour. The letters were *real* letters, written to her mother and husband, and all the more charming for their want of formality, and indulgence in little narrations of personal feeling and every-day adventure. She sailed to the Cape in very varying weather, but, with her, all feminine alarm or distress seems to have been merged in a strong feeling of the picturesque. It is thus she speaks of a storm which would have sent many a woman trembling to her cabin :—

"That glorious South Atlantic in all its majestic fury! The intense blue waves, crowned with fantastic crests of bright emeralds, and with the spray blowing about like wild dishevelled hair, came after us to swallow us up at a mouthful, but took us up on their backs, and hurried us along as if our ship were a cork."—*Letters from the Cape.*

Equally graphic is her account of the people she meets with on her landing ;

who does not see the picture as she draws it of the Hottentot driver?—

"As we drive home we see a span of sixteen noble oxen in the market-place, and on the ground squats the Hottentot driver. His face, no words can describe! his cheekbones are up under his hat, and his meagre, pointed chin halfway down to his waist; his eyes have the dull look of a viper's, and his skin is dirty and sallow, but not darker than a dirty European's."

Who does not also feel a certain sympathy going out of the heart—such as often arises during the contemplation of old works of art, in which the grotesque mingles with what is touching and tender—on reading her account of the last of a race which the so-called spread of civilization is sweeping away?

"I asked one of the Herrenhut brethren whether there were any *real* Hottentots, and he said, 'Yes, one!' And next morning as I sat waiting for early prayers under the big oak-trees in the *plaats* (square), he came up, followed by a tiny little man hobbling along with a long stick to support him. 'Here,' said he, 'is the *last* Hottentot; he is 107 years old, and lives all alone.' I looked on the little wizened, yellow face, and was shocked that he should be dragged up like a wild beast to be stared at. A feeling of pity which felt like remorse fell upon me, and my eyes filled as I rose and stood before him (so tall and like a tyrant and oppressor), while he uncovered his poor little old snow-white head, and peered up in my face. I led him to the seat, and helped him to sit down, and said, in Dutch, 'Father, I hope you are not tired; you are old.' He saw and heard as well as ever, and spoke *good* Dutch in a firm voice, 'Yes, I am above a hundred years old, and alone—quite alone.' I sat beside him, and he put his head on one side, and looked curiously up at me with his faded, but still piercing little wild eyes."

That feeling of sympathy with humanity,—above all, suffering humanity,—which is here evidenced, was a distinctive feature in Lady Gordon's mind. What she felt for the poor Hottentot she afterwards expresses yet more strongly for the Arabs she dwelt amongst in her subsequent change of residence from the Cape to Egypt. She herself spoke of pity becoming a *passion* in the heart at sight of such daily distress; and, no doubt, pity does become a passion in the heart of the best class of women, as the thirst and desire

for justice becomes a passion with the best class of men.

The Cape did not agree with Lady Gordon. Death, who hunts slowly but surely this class of his victims, was once more avoided in vain. She tried the climates of Cairo, of Luxor, and of Thebes; at which latter place she resided some time in a half-ruined house, formerly occupied by French engineers employed to raise and transport an Egyptian obelisk. She learnt the language and the wants of the people; associated with the natives, both of the higher and lower ranks; and became a favourite and a power amongst them.

One thing she mentions, which may surprise those whose habitual ideas of Eastern females are of their languor and stupidity. She says, "The energy of many women here is amazing;" and narrates how the mother of her servant Omar had once carried *her* old mother in a basket on her head from Damietta to Alexandria; dragging Omar, then a very little boy, by the hand!

This Omar, who is frequently mentioned in the "Letters from Egypt," and whose true-hearted and simple devotion to his dying mistress well deserved such reward, is now appointed dragoman to the Prince of Wales; the Prince and Princess having visited Lady Gordon, a short time before her death, in her *dahabeeyeh*, or Nile-boat, on which occasion she says, "My sailors were so proud at having 'the honour of rowing him in our own boat, and of singing to him. I had a 'very good singer in the boat.'" She also assures us, on another occasion, of the courtesy practised in the East between different classes. "You see how the 'Thousand and One Nights' are quite 'true and real; how great Beys sit with 'grocers, and carpenters have no hesitation in offering a civility to *naas omra* ' (noble people)."

Sheykh Yussuf was one of her firmest friends from first to last, and her instructor in Arabic. The "Nazir," the "Maohn," "Alim," "Cadi," "Pasha," and all grades and dignities and obscurities, unknown to English discourse, united—however else they may have differed

—in respect and attachment to that strange settler among them; that dying English lady, who apparently combined the learning of the male sex with the kindness of her own.

Speaking of Yussuf, she says he reminds her of one who, like herself, has been cut off from a life of great promise in the full exercise of intellectual ability—the late Philip Stanhope Worsley, translator of the "Odyssey," and author of many fragmentary poems of singular merit.

She describes her Egyptian friends as "mad to learn languages;" beseeching her to teach even the children English; and nothing is more droll or interesting than the account she gives of her little servant Achmet, who runs to her call from the river Nile, "the water 'running 'down his innocent nose,' looking just 'like a little bronze Triton off a Renaissance fountain, with a blue shirt and 'a white skull-cap added.'" As to his accomplishments, "What would an English respectable cook say to seeing 'two dishes and a sweet' cooked over 'a little old wood on a few bricks, by a 'baby in a single blue shirt? and very 'well cooked too, and followed by in-'comparable coffee."

Certainly, for general readers, the "Letters from Egypt" are the most interesting of all Lady Gordon's published compositions. They describe a life utterly new to us, and a people very imperfectly known or studied by European travellers; a people who have hitherto had but slender hold on our sympathies. Is it too much to expect that the popular letters of this gifted woman may do more towards awakening that sympathy and increasing interest than even the visits of a Viceroy who sends his son to be educated in our country? They may, at least, teach such travellers as are compelled, like herself, to exile for recovery of health, how steadfastly and unselfishly such a destiny may be met! How willing to look to the suffering of others instead of being absorbed in the fact of failing powers and fading life, a vigorous mind may be; how the

spirit may look upon the perishing body, in Longfellow's beautiful words, as

"A worn-out fether, which the soul
Had broken and flung away!"

Small is the thought of self, and cheery and animated as in her first letters from the Cape of Good Hope her account of a return to Cairo.

"The very morning I landed I was seized with violent illness; however, I am now better. I arrived at Cairo on Wednesday night, the 4th of November, slept in the boat, and went ashore next morning. The passage under the railway bridge at Tant (which is only opened once in two days) was most exciting and pretty. Such a scramble and dash of boats,—two or three hundred at least! Old Zeydân the steersman slid under the noses of the big boats with my little cangia, and through the gates before they were well open, and we saw the rush and confusion behind us at our ease, and headed the whole fleet for a few miles. Then we stuck, and Zeydân raged, but we got off in an hour, and again overtook and passed all; and then we saw the spectacle of devastation,—whole villages gone, submerged and melted, mud to mud; and the people, with their beasts, encamped on spits of sand or on the dykes, in long rows of ragged makeshift tents, while we sailed over the places where they had lived; cotton rotting in all directions, and the dry tops crackling under the bows of the boat."

Then, moving from Cairo to Thebes:

"I have sent a request to the French Consul-General, M. Tastu, to let me live in the French house over the temple at Thebes. It is quite empty, and would be the most comfortable, indeed the only comfortable one there. M. Tastu is the son of the charming poetess of that name, whom my mother knew in Paris. . . . I have brought divans, tables, prayer carpets, blankets, a cupboard, a lovely old copper handbasin and ewer, and shall live in Arab style. The tables and four chairs are the only concession to European infirmity."

In the earliest opening of the succeeding year she writes thus hopefully of the apparent result of such a residence in the East:—

"We are now in the full enjoyment of summer weather; there has been no cold for fully a fortnight, and I am getting better every day. If the heat does not overpower me, I feel sure it will be very healing to my lungs. I sit out on my glorious balcony, and drink the air from early morning till noon, when the sun comes upon it and drives me under cover."

A little later:—

"The glory of the climate now is beyond description, and I feel better every day. I go out as early as seven or eight o'clock on my tiny black donkey, come in to breakfast at about ten, and go out again at four. The sun is very hot in the middle of the day, and the people in boats say it is still cold at night. In this large house I feel neither heat nor cold. . . . How I wish I were going, instead of my letter, to see you all; but it is evident that this heat is the thing that does me good, if anything will."

Later yet, still enjoying, still uncomplaining:—

"We sat and drank new milk in a 'lodge in a garden of cucumbers' (the lodge is a neat hut of palm-branches), and saw the moon rise over the mountains and light up everything like a softer sun. Here you see all colours as well by moonlight as by day; hence it does not look so brilliant as the Cape moon, or even as I have seen it in Paris, where it throws sharp black shadows and white light. The night here is a tender, subdued, dreamy sort of enchanted-looking day."

And the praise of these days and nights is continued:—

"The mornings and evenings are delicious. *I am shedding my clothes by degrees; stockings are unbearable.* I feel much stronger, too; the horrible feeling of exhaustion has left me: I suppose I must have salamander blood in my body, to be made lively by such heat."

Some apparent improvement in health took place:—

"The weather is glorious this year, and spite of some fatigue and a good deal of anxiety, I think I am really better. I never have felt the cold so little as this winter since my illness; the chilly mornings and nights don't seem to signify at all now, and the climate seems more delicious than ever."

Then comes the change; the fading away of that hope of recovery: the doubt, and the evident impression that she, too, may die among strangers:—

"Since I wrote last I have been rather poorly—more cough, and most wearing sleeplessness! A poor young Englishman has died here, at the house of the Austrian consular agent. I was too ill to go to him; but a kind, dear young Englishwoman, Mrs. Walker, who was here with her family in a boat, sat up with him three nights and nursed him like a sister. . . . He was buried on the first day of Ramadan, in the place where they bury strangers, on the site of a former Coptic

church. Archdeacon Moore read the service; Omar and I spread my old English flag over the bier, and Copts and Muslims helped to carry the poor stranger. It was a most impressive sight: the party of Europeans, *all strangers to the dead, but all deeply moved*; the group of black-robed and turbaned Copts, the sailors from the boats, the gaily-dressed dragomans, several brown-shirted Fellâheen, and the thick crowd of children—all the little Abab'deh stark naked, and all behaving so well; the expression on their little faces touched me most of all. As Muslims, Omar and the boatmen laid him down in the grave; while the English prayer was read the sun went down in a glorious flood of light over the distant bend of the Nile. 'Had he a mother? he was young!' said an Abab'deh woman to me, with tears in her eyes, and pressing my hand in sympathy for that poor far-off mother of such a different race."

Till at length this mournful sentence occurs (April 1868), in one of her letters from Thebes, published in the June number of this Magazine last year:—

"I don't like to think too much about seeing you and M. next winter, for fear I should be disappointed. If I am too sick and wretched I can hardly wish you to come, because I know what a nuisance it is to be with one always coughing and panting, and unable to do like other people. But if I pick up tolerably this summer, I shall be very glad to see you and him once more."

And once again, when the imminent approach of death seemed falling like a visible shadow on her path:—

"Indeed, it would be almost too painful to me to part from you again; and, as it is, I can wait patiently for the end, among people

who are kind and loving enough to be comfortable *without too much feeling of the pain of parting.*"

At that time her son had been with her; her husband had planned to rejoin her; her daughter also thought to meet her in those accustomed scenes. But it was otherwise ordained. The poor Arabs, in whose improvement both of condition and education she had taken so vivid an interest, were to lose her, and those to whom she was nearest and dearest were to see her face no more.

Lady Gordon died alone, after much final suffering, at Cairo. Her patience and goodness were strong to the last; and her thoughts for others survived till she herself was no more. She was followed to the grave by her sailors, by her friend, Hekekyan Bey, and Dr. Mistrovacchi—the faithful Omar and her maid being chief mourners.

She lies among strangers; but it will be long before her memory is forgotten in the land of her birth; where her monument is not of marble, or stone, or brass, but of thought; and where those who read her works, and the brief transcript of her life in exile, will comprehend the long regret that lies like a slant shadow across the scenes once brightened by her presence, and darkens the hearts of friends who heard of her premature death instead of recovery, as "bitter news" from a foreign land.

TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

BY J. P. MAHAFFY, FELLOW AND TUTOR.

AMONG all Irish institutions, probably the only one ever accused of silence is the University of Dublin. All other bodies in the country, whether religious or political or educational, are for ever clamouring, and annoying the English nation. To use the illustration of Homer, the gods have put into them the courage of a fly, which returns to the attack, however often it may be driven away, so eager is it to taste blood. Poor John Bull cannot browse in idleness, and in vacancy of mind, upon the luxuries around him, without constantly flapping his ears, and whisking about his tail, and at times even starting up with annoyance, at the attacks of these ceaseless tormentors. So persistently have they been vexing him, that he is now anxiously providing them with a carcase in their own country, if perchance they will feed upon it, even though he ought to be perfectly assured that this carcase, when sufficiently decomposed, will become the nurse and support of new myriads of persecutors.

It might fairly be supposed, then, that silence in any Celtic institution, instead of being a reproach, would be a quality respected and admired by the Saxon. While it saves him trouble and obloquy, it is surely one of the best tests of prosperity. The only people who mind their own business are those who have a good business to mind, and the quality of silence is so rare in the country, that it should invite particular notice and commendation. Yet the English people seem so accustomed to Irish agitation, that none get a hearing except those who clamour and complain. Other universities in Ireland, which come before the public with annual self-congratulations, laudations, and demands, are twice as well known in England as the ancient University of Dublin; for while their children have

as yet been almost completely silent, the universities themselves have been perpetually displaying their merits before the eyes of men. All this is excusable, and perhaps even necessary, with new and struggling institutions, but should not tell against the more dignified silence of their elder sister. Trinity College, Dublin, can afford to be silent herself, and to speak to the world through her children. When she was contemptuously called the Silent Sister, this was the fact questioned. It was implied that the education she provided had not developed genius, and that her sons had neither extended the bounds of science, nor adorned the fields of literature. With the names of William Archer Butler, of Todd and of Reeves, of Lloyd and of Magee, of Salmon, of Rosse, and of Hamilton, of Cairns and of Lecky—with these names, among a host of others, *within one generation of men*, before our eyes, the charge must be abandoned as totally unfounded.

But the day has come when the University can no longer be content to address the world indirectly through her children. She must tell her system and her experience to the English people. For two great questions are occupying the minds of cultivated men in this country—perhaps we should say, two branches of the one great problem in our present civilization, that of Education—the first is the Reform of the great English Universities, the second the Reform of University Education in Ireland. On both these questions the voice of Trinity College, Dublin, should be heard. Her evidence as to the first will be stated in the present paper.

The problem now occupying the minds of Oxford and Cambridge men, how best to extend the benefits of university education—this problem has been completely solved under their very eyes

by the University of Dublin. They have been speculating on mediæval universities, on the systems of France and of Prussia, of Italy and of Switzerland; they have taken the trouble to inspect these institutions (during their long vacation!), they have talked about taking leaps in the dark, and of trying untried experiments, while a part of the question has been long since solved in a dependency of their own Empire, and the remainder is in process of solution. But unfortunately this dependency is both remote and despicable, only to be reached by crossing the Irish Sea,—a dependency remarkable for stupidity and ignorance, and for mismanaging its affairs. This is what the English university man thinks, even though he may be too polite to put it into words. To this can-any-good-thing-come-out-of-Nazareth expression of face visible in the Oxford or Cambridge reader, only one reply is possible, "Come and see." But, we must spoil the terseness of the answer by adding: "Not in our long vacation, if you please, as we observe this to be an English way of investigating foreign colleges, from the very candid confessions of one of your educational reformers."¹ But pending your very welcome visit, we propose to state here a few facts and statistics about Trinity College, Dublin, which will appear ridiculously obvious to the Irish, but which will be extremely novel to the Saxon reader, seeing that the most thoughtful Oxford book on Academical Organization contains only one allusion to the Irish University, and that per-

fectly inconsistent with the facts of the case.

The College was founded by Queen Elizabeth, in 1591, as a "Mater Universitatis;" and though some attempts were made, two centuries ago, to establish separate halls, these attempts failed, and we have now the University and its single College co-existing, and in many respects in a state of fusion. The Provost and seven senior fellows, who are the heads of the College, also legislate for the University, with the approval of the congregation of Doctors and Masters, who may veto everything, but can originate nothing. In the affairs of the College, the decisions of this board of senior fellows can only be reversed by an appeal to the Visitors. Most of these details were originally copied from the statutes of Trinity College, Cambridge, and, therefore, require but little explanation to be understood in England. The Board attain their position by seniority among the fellows, and the fellows are elected by a severe competitive examination. In former days, though classics, philosophy, and natural science always formed part of the course, so much stress was laid upon pure and mixed mathematics, that almost all the fellows were mathematical in their tastes. This accounts for the small number of classical works produced by them, in proportion to their important contributions to mathematical discovery. About ten years ago, a partial separation was effected in the subjects, so that classical and mathematical scholars have about equal chances, and so a classical school of a higher kind was rapidly forming. Unfortunately, the Board seem unwilling to encourage this very promising school, for by a late decree they have again placed humane studies at a great disadvantage.

On an average, it requires more than three years of intense application, after taking a scientific or literary degree, to obtain a fellowship. No candidate can hope to succeed without answering in at least two courses, adding either philosophy or natural science to his prin-

¹ A few years ago, a census of our resident students was taken during the Easter vacation. The numbers there stated have been since several times quoted as proving our inefficiency, and the scanty number of our resident students. Again an "Ulster man," writing a book about Ireland, considers all the students residing in Dublin as non-resident, and contrasts them with the students of the Queen's Colleges who reside in the towns where these Colleges are situated. These he calls resident students! He then proceeds to argue from a return of students attending lectures on the 17th of April in Dublin, a season when there are examinations, but no lectures in the University! *Sic cetera.*

cipal subject. The yearly value of a fellowship so attained is 40*l.* Irish, or 36*l.* 18*s.* 8*d.* of the present currency, charged on the College estates. It is tenable for life, and the holder of it is at liberty to marry if he pleases. Should a fellow of Trinity College be dissatisfied with this splendid endowment, he must do additional work. He must either adopt one of the recognised professions (which is sometimes done) or he must take a tutorship. There are twenty tutorships, to which he may succeed by seniority. To them is entrusted the teaching of the undergraduates, a part of whose fees are divided among the tutors. The income of the tutors depends accordingly upon the number of students on the books; in other words, upon the efficiency of their own teaching, and at present may be stated roughly as commencing with 300*l.* and rising to 700*l.* per annum. There are also professorships tenable by fellows who are not tutors, some of them paid from the tutorial funds, which vary in tenure, and in value from 100*l.* to 700*l.* per annum. The Professor of Divinity alone receives a salary of 1,200*l.* and cannot hold a fellowship. As there are nearly 1,300 students on the books, a large number of whom attend lectures, the tutors must lecture from two to three hours daily, and are not allowed to absent themselves during term under any plea whatsoever, without supplying and paying a deputy. Honor examiners and lecturers are also selected from among them, and receive trifling salaries, to assist the professors in the various faculties. After about thirty years of weary waiting, a man may succeed in his turn to a senior fellowship. His duties are then to attend the meetings of the governing board, and to undertake the control of some special department, as well as a share in the examinations for Fellowships and Scholarships. He resigns all tutorial functions. His income averages 1,300*l.*, which is equal to one of the second class prizes at the Bar, such as a county Judgeship. The Provostship is the only office in the

University or College in the gift of the Government, and has been enriched by large grants of land specially presented by the Crown. It is probably worth 3,500*l.* per annum.

In this system of fellowships, with some patent defects, three important advantages are obvious. In the first place, they are obtained by perfectly fair competition. As soon as these valuable prizes are opened, as all the other prizes in Trinity College now are, to Roman Catholics and Dissenters, it will be possible for any man in the world to obtain them by the force of pure intellect. But in Ireland, promotion by fair competition must, alas! be noted as a singular exception. Hence it has happened that the English Government has been unable to degrade our teachers, as it has done all the other professions in the country, by making political jobbery the only safe road of advancement. While the highest posts at the Bar and in the Church, the scanty honors of the medical profession,¹ and the most important chairs in the Queen's University, have been frequently, I might almost say constantly, given away on this vile principle, so that all the youthful ambition of Ireland is becoming infected by it, as with a plague,—the governing body of the University of Dublin have, silently and persistently, adhered to the exceptional course of electing as fellows, and as professors, rabid Radicals as well as rigid Tories,—when possible, Catholics and Dissenters, as well as Churchmen,—simply on account of intellectual merit. Should the English Government ever wrest from us this power of honest self-government, the ruin of our ancient University may be confidently predicted.

Secondly, the University has declared against supporting a large number of idle

¹ The English reader should not be misled into believing that the most trivial posts in the profession, such as village dispensaries, are not given away by the Imperial Government on the same purely religious and political principles. There is no finer example of that great and rare virtue, "consistency," to be found anywhere.

pensioners, merely because they have once been distinguished in examinations. The perpetual clamour of Radicals and Ultramontanes, and their bitter jealousy at our success, would make such a system impossible in Ireland. But we have been obliged to sacrifice a great deal of that affection from our sons which is so touching, and a source of such strength to Oxford and Cambridge. The quarterly diffusion of a fresh glow of filial piety from the pocket of the English fellow through his whole system—this pure affection we are unable to maintain, in a large body of our most distinguished graduates, towards their *Alma Mater*. She cannot afford to support them in idleness.

Thirdly, by keeping up the value of the fellowships, the University secures her very ablest sons for the work of education. With so few hands to teach, and so much and many to be taught, these men are to a great extent precluded from a *literary* career. It is only with the aid of a very strong constitution, and uncommon energy, that a man can sit down to write, after he has laboured five or six hours a day in lecturing, examining, and other tutorial work. But surely the first object of an university is not to secure men of literary eminence, but good teachers to do her work. The profession of teaching is not, indeed, a brilliant one, nor does it by any means stand in that public estimation to which it must rise, when our civilization improves in breadth and in earnestness. It would probably exalt the character of Trinity College, Dublin, among Englishmen, if our tutors neglected their classes, and devoted themselves entirely to writing books. But such a change would seriously impair the real usefulness of the institution. When we see the ordinary lectures of some of the tutors crowded by voluntary students, and often preferred to the assistance of a private *coach*; when we hear of the examiners for the Civil Service Competitions noticing the care and accuracy with which the Dublin candidates have been taught, and awarding them the highest places; we regard these

things as sounder and better proofs of usefulness, than the applause which greets the vehement logic of Dr. Magee, or the brilliant periods of Mr. Lecky. No doubt both objects might be more perfectly attained than they now are, if there were more fellowships. Instead of having about half our fellows authors, they might almost all find time to write something. But this article is not on University Reform; it is merely intended to describe the present state of the Irish University.

Passing from the teachers to the pupils, we come to the really important features in Trinity College, as regards the proposed reforms in the English Universities. The statutes of the Irish College were indeed borrowed, as was its title, from its illustrious namesake at Cambridge. But not content with this great piece of audacity, the authorities proceeded in time to introduce important modifications into their laws. First, they opened the benefits of university education, and of college lectures, to non-residents. Strange to say, the date of this relaxation is unknown. It was allowed in practice a long time before the rules of the College sanctioned it. Down to the present century, the statutes forbade any student to pass the gates without a written order from his tutor. This rule was systematically violated by men residing in the town more than a century ago. But the innovation seems to have been gradual, and its exact date forgotten. Secondly, they admitted Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters to all their degrees (except Divinity) as early as the year 1793. The reasons which actuated them are obvious enough. The poverty of the country prevented many deserving youths from living within the College; and if their parents resided in Dublin, they might attend lectures daily, and receive the other advantages of a higher education. The great number of Non-conformists made it unreasonable to confine the advantages of Trinity College to a minority, at least in numbers. But while the modifications as to religious liberty are still incomplete, and

want another step to render them satisfactory, the question of non-residence has been completely solved, and no longer occupies our attention. The University of Dublin had worked out the problem after her own fashion, a century, at least, before Oxford and Cambridge.

The students are now divided into three great classes: first, those (nearly 200) who reside within the walls, and submit to all the discipline of college life; secondly, those (about 400) who reside in the city of Dublin and its suburbs, and who attend lectures daily, as well as chapels, within the walls; thirdly, those (about 500) who reside at a distance, and who come up periodically to pass their terms by examination—perhaps the least important class of our students.¹ They are, to a great extent, excluded from the higher honors, by not attending the Professors' lectures, and, altogether, from obtaining professional certificates, for the same reason. But a bare B.A. degree they can obtain by paying eight visits to Dublin, and undergoing eight term examinations, extending over less than three years; and a good many poor ushers in schools, literates employed in the Church of England, Dissenting ministers, and other such deserving persons, do take advantage of this privilege. The total expense of the College course including the B.A. degree is about 84*l*. So far our system resembles that of the London University.

The second class is a very large one, owing to the accident of our being situated in the middle of a city where living is cheap, and where there is a numerous resident gentry. A great many of the students live in Dublin, subject only to attending the College chapel, if they belong to the Church of England, but attending lectures daily, spending most of their time in College

rooms, dining in the Hall, joining in all the sports, the debating societies, the conversations, the interests of the resident students. This great benefit, which they receive from the residents, they repay by asking them in turn to their parents' houses, where the society of ladies supplements in no unimportant manner the defects of a college life. Indeed, the influence of abundant ladies' society upon the morals of the students is, as might be expected, most salutary. Though lodgings in Dublin are beyond the control of the Junior Dean, they are not popular among the students, who greatly prefer residing within the walls. Even those whose parents live in Dublin often come into residence, and the chambers are always full to overflowing. Young men are sometimes waiting for weeks before they can obtain them. The number of residents is nearly 200. But this number by no means represents the amount of students who get the benefit of at least a temporary residence. They are so constantly going down for a year, and coming up,—so constantly going out into the town to live with their parents, who come up for the season,—there is so constant an ebb and flow, that I believe one-third of our undergraduates participate more or less in real college life; another third, at the least, sleep out of the college, but live constantly within its walls.¹

Many men do not think of residing till they begin their professional course, and then stay one or two years after their degree. The largest and most

¹ Of 354 men who began their course in 1867-8, I find that 174 attended lectures in Arts during some part of the year, showing that about 50 per cent. must be residing in the College, or in Dublin. But of this again.

¹ The practical English reader may wish to have some figures to guide him. A return was ordered by the House of Commons in June 1867, of the number of undergraduates who had *kept their term* by attendance at lectures, which was considered equivalent to residence. It must be observed, that a large number of students go off the books in the June of every year, also that a large number of men who reside in Dublin, and in the College, during the other terms, go down in May for the summer. The return gave as residents 568, as non-residents 488. If temporary absentees, and irregular residents who lost their terms, were considered, they would transfer 150 to the former from the latter number.

remarkable of our professional schools is now the Medical School. By the constant exertions of the great leaders of the professions, they have persuaded the Irish public that general education is no less important than special, if the care of the souls, the bodies, and the rights of men are to be entrusted to gentlemen, and not to mere handicraftsmen. Hitherto, more than seventy students have annually joined the Divinity School. The Law School is now thriving, and was increased by more than sixty this year. But in the Medical School we have over eighty entrances, and there are 239 students pursuing the Arts course, as well as their hospital and dissecting-room attendance. The University degree is becoming essential to a respectable physician in Ireland. This great result would not have been possible, had residence within the College been compulsory. It was even necessary to make some relaxations in the Arts course required from all professional students. But we can confidently point to the social position of the Bar, the Church, and the Medical profession in Ireland, as a justification for the course adopted by the Irish University.

A constant intercourse between the students of the various professional schools, and between these and the students in Arts, is surely of great importance in giving breadth and fairness to their respective views, and also in imparting to each some knowledge of the requirements of other professions than their own. Our Divinity School, for example, is worked on a principle exactly the reverse of that followed at Maynooth, where *Divinity students are supported*, and from which all lay students are rigidly excluded. The clergy are even now too full of *idola specus* for us to desire them to be trained as a separate caste, apart from those who have to learn from them, and to criticise them. And when our University is secularised completely, by opening the fellowships to Nonconformists, the most difficult problem will be to prevent the Divinity School, if separated from the

rest of the College, and not worked by the clerical tutors as part of their official duties, from degenerating into a hotbed of bigotry, like its Roman Catholic sister.

To any one who considers calmly the past history of the Irish University, the opening of the fellowships, to which I have alluded, must appear a necessary consequence. In 1793 the advantages of obtaining degrees were extended to Nonconformists. Every prize established since then has been left open to them. They are now eligible to all the professorships, except three or four which are confined to the fellows, and are paid from the tutorial funds chiefly. As the terms of the Charter excluded them expressly from the foundation, non-foundation scholarships, indefinite in number, were created for all who might deserve them, with the same emoluments, but without votes in the constituency, on account of the charter. These votes, however, they can and do obtain through a Master's degree. There is no money prize, except those in the Divinity School, and the fellowships, withheld from them. In consequence of these liberal terms, a large and constantly increasing number of Protestant Dissenters and Roman Catholics enter the University, and are among its most distinguished students. They are, I think, more anxious to reside within the College than the rest of our students. If the percentage (now more than eleven) of Roman Catholics seems very small, the reader must remember: first, that the Catholic priesthood has always used its great influence against Trinity College; secondly, that almost the whole gentry of Ireland are Churchmen, and that the number of Roman Catholics who seek now for lay University education must be very limited: it is essentially the religion of the lower classes, just as Protestant Dissent is essentially the religion of the mercantile classes, in Ireland. Even if the fellowships were thrown open, they must be greatly increased in number to produce any considerable increase of students from the shrewd

Northern Dissenters,¹ and in no case would the Roman Catholics for generations become a real majority in the University. This will, perhaps, be an encouragement to Irish Protestants when the question of removing religious disabilities comes to be discussed.

A most important step in that direction has already taken place within the body of the fellows. Originally they were all compelled to be clerics, save three, and this rule was rigidly enforced; within the last generation, a habit gradually crept in of obtaining the leave of the Board to dispense with Holy Orders, by means of a Queen's letter. This privilege, though always granted with reluctance, has been repeatedly extorted by men who felt indisposed to the restraint of the clerical profession; and since the agitation on the Irish Church question, all the fellows elected have remained laymen. There are at present eleven lay fellows among thirty-five. These men take no part in religious instruction whatever. They might be Calvinists or Atheists, as far as their college duties are concerned. The transition from a lay Churchman occupied in purely secular teaching, to a Dissenting or Catholic layman doing the same thing, is not surely very great or revolutionary. Other important consequences will follow from the change, but these it is not our present object to discuss.

It remains for us to give an account of the revenues of the Irish University. While on other points her work, her merits, and her defects are passed over in silent contempt, on this her enemies in Ireland have studiously disseminated falsehoods, for the purpose of exciting prejudice against her. But what prejudice is there in being rich? The reader will probably wish for himself nothing better than to be assailed by such a prejudice. Yet surely it is unsatisfactory,

and often very costly, even for individuals, to be considered much richer than they really are. For a public institution, and more especially a public institution in Ireland, to be considered richer than is the case, is not only unsatisfactory, but a grave danger; for the Ultramontane party have not hesitated to declare that the fact of a Protestant institution being richly endowed is an offence to the Irish people; they think such institutions should be despoiled, while they disclaim any wish to share in the spoils, so that poverty, after all, has some advantages:—

Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.

In order to afford themselves premises for this very outrageous argument, a certain party in Ireland have been suborning false witnesses in Parliament to state the income of Trinity College at 100,000*l.*, its State endowments at 60,000*l.* a year, and so forth. The Board were even said to divide the surplus yearly, like a joint-stock company. This statement came from a graduate and a sometime scholar of the College! The philosopher who desires to investigate the important question: how often a lie has to be told to become true,—will find important materials in the history of these repeated assertions. The Fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, are now believed to be rusting in complete idleness, and wallowing in untold riches. A correspondent of a leading English paper, some months ago, ventured to name a definite sum, which might afford the imagination of his countrymen some idea of the treasures over which these bloated sinecurists kept their silent and listless watch. The value of a tutorship was approximately guessed at 7,000*l.* per annum! and this income did not include special fees and other unexplained salaries! Is this the preliminary knowledge upon which the English people mean to legislate next year about the University education of Ireland?

What are the real facts of the case? The land-grants from the State to Trinity College amount to about 31,000*l.* a year, in other words, to a little more than

¹ These practical people turn their brains to some better account, at least from a commercial point of view, than "sitting for fellowships," as it is called, like the poor cripple at the Pool of Bethesda, who had to wait for the angel to move the waters, and then saw some one else step in before him. Many candidates have been kept eight or ten years in this agony.

the yearly State grant to the theological College of Maynooth. We have about 6,000*l.* yearly in private bequests.¹ *This is the whole endowment.* The College earns by the fees of students, by chamber-rents, and by the fees for degrees,—that is to say, *by its own efficiency*,—about 27,000*l.* more. Of course this latter sum is carefully added to the endowments by its opponents. Probably the Government will expect Trinity College to pay it back to them, if they succeed in appropriating the State grants, and cannot find it. Such a result is not impossible, if the English people do not choose to inform themselves on the subject.

Starting, then, from a State grant, amounting to 31,000*l.* a year, the University of Dublin keeps up a full staff of thirty-five fellows, including tutors and professors in various branches of science; one hundred studentships and scholarships, and numerous lesser prizes; a Divinity School with four professors, a Medical School with fifteen, a Law School with two, an Engineering School with four; she keeps up the necessary lecture-rooms, dissecting-rooms, laboratories, museums, libraries, and botanical gardens. The University library and the Observatory alone cost 1,500*l.* a year. She educates nearly 1,300 students in all these departments, and among them she educates hundreds of Roman Catholics and Protestant Dissenters. It may be well to give some statistics, as very false opinions are current on the subject. In the first place, the Episcopalian students are both theological and lay, as their only Divinity School is attached to Trinity College. Of course theological students among Roman Catholics and Dissenters must, under any circumstances, go to their own colleges, and could not *ex hypothesi* be educated by us. It is then the percentage of Nonconformists among our *lay students* which is the important question. According to a return made

in April 1868 to the House of Commons, there were in all 1,392 names on the College books, including a good many professional students, who were graduates. We must subtract from this number 100 actual theological students, and at least 120 intended for the Church in the junior classes. Of the remaining 1,172 lay students, 159 are Nonconformists, viz. more than 13½ per cent. Of these, 76 were Roman Catholics, and 83 of various Protestant sects. To show how rapidly this proportion is changing, let us notice the youngest of the classes, the Junior Freshmen of 1869. Of the present number, 302, about 60 may be considered as having entered for theological purposes. Of the rest, 27 were returned as Roman Catholics, and 23 as Dissenters; in other words, nearly 21 per cent. were Nonconformists!¹ Great stress should be laid on this elimination of theological students from the calculation. It is the only way of obtaining a true conception of the amount of support which the University now receives from those whom she was asserted to have excluded.

This is the institution which members of Parliament have the audacity to compare with the theological College of Maynooth. They are indeed similar in one respect; the amount of State money granted to each is nearly the same. But while Maynooth has not been able even to lay up her master's talent in a napkin, and say, "There thou hast that is thine,"—while she has come before the public with a building debt to be remitted,—of the University of Dublin it may well be said, "Thy talent hath gained five." It is perhaps the only English institution which ever really succeeded in Ireland. If the growth of English plantations in Ireland is so precarious and delicate, it would seem very absurd to interfere with the only flourishing specimen. This it is which makes the problem of University reform in Ireland both easy and difficult. It is likely that no

¹ As antiquity of possession is becoming a very bad title to property in Ireland, it may be consoling to think that these bequests are posterior to that notable limit of proposed robbery, the year 1660.

¹ It should be added that a good many Presbyterians return themselves as Churchmen, and voluntarily attend religious duties in the College.

remodelled Irish University will be at all successful, except it be brought under the name and the *prestige* of Trinity College, Dublin. But it is also evident that any change which would shake public confidence in that institution, would do more harm than the benefits of the most liberal reform could counter-balance. When the right time comes, the problem must be discussed from this point of view.

It is enough, for the present, to have shown that the work done by the Irish University is fully in proportion to her wealth. The total income of the University and Colleges at Oxford has been stated at 600,000*l*. If this be true (and experience has taught us to receive all such statements with great caution), her Irish sister does her work with one-tenth of that income; and the work she does is certainly a great deal more than one-tenth that done by Oxford. We repeat, almost half her income is earned by her own efficiency. But for this fact, her endowments would be quite insufficient to support even her present very scanty staff of teachers. This is as it should be. No college intended for the benefit of the public should be allowed to exist without accomplishing its object. There is, however, another supposed use of universities, which can hardly be classed under so commercial a title as benefiting the public. At least the ordinary public are very slow, both in receiving and appreciating the benefit. It is thought desirable to have retirement and leisure afforded to men of intellect, in order that they may devote themselves to the promotion of science and literature. There seems a great difficulty in securing this latter point. Suppose you find your genius, and appoint him to his modest competency, what is to be done if he turns idle? You cannot compel him to produce intellectual work by contract within fixed periods.

The University of Dublin has an answer to give on this matter also. But in the present article the main design has been merely to convey information to the English reader. All controverted points have been either

omitted, or touched upon but lightly. A great number of minor facts, and all the statistics easily to be ascertained by consulting the Dublin University Calendar, have been passed over. But there is a certain aspect of things which college calendars cannot possibly supply. In any case it requires an intimacy of years, or else a residence within the atmosphere of Colleges, to unravel their mysteries and comprehend their innumerable details. The interpretation of the Dublin University Calendar is considered one of the most important attainments of an experienced College tutor. To the English stranger, then, the foregoing sketch was intended to convey the facts: that there is a certain University in Dublin, consisting of one College, and hence popularly called Trinity College, Dublin; that this University embraces all the Faculties, and instructs students in Arts, in Law, in Philosophy, in Medicine, and in Engineering, besides her special Theological School; that this University has been solving the question of Religious Tests, by opening all the prizes which the governing body were competent to open to all sects and creeds, and that, in consequence, the so-called Protestant University of Ireland has been educating and rewarding a large number of Non-conformists. This great contrast with Maynooth has been deliberately ignored in the House of Commons. But if the charter of the University of Dublin has prevented us from working out fully the question of religious tests, the question of University extension has been completely solved, by the wisest of methods, *that of gradual and insensible relaxation*. Paying sixteen guineas per annum as his College fees, a young man may live where and how he likes, and at the same time pass the examinations, and obtain the distinction of a degree in arts. Without increasing this very moderate fee, he may (by residing in Dublin) attend all the ordinary and honor lectures in Arts, and all the special lectures in Law and Divinity. But it is a matter of experience, which almost any tutor can verify, that whatever a country lad's original intentions

may have been, as soon as he enters the University his feelings begin to gravitate towards Dublin; when in Dublin, they gravitate towards living within the College.¹

If English University reformers wish to study the question honestly, and if the Imperial Government really desires to do justice to Ireland, it is incumbent on them to weigh carefully all these things, and not to legislate without a much more intimate knowledge of them than they now possess, or pretend to possess. The very fact that Ireland is a disturbed and unhappy country has caused the University to develop and reform its constitution much more rapidly than Oxford and Cambridge have done. The great difficulties of contending with poverty, with an adverse religion, and with the neglect and ignorance of a denationalized and absentee aristocracy²—all these have roused the successive Boards of Trinity College from at least some of that listlessness and that apathy which characterise the comfortable dons of secure universities in secure countries.

That Trinity College, Dublin, should have succeeded at all in the face of these adverse circumstances, and against the analogy of all the other English institutions in the country, is itself a

phenomenon worthy of attention and of respect.

While these words were being written, another step in our development has been reached. The Board, yielding to the stress of public opinion *within our walls*, have announced that they are willing to concede all remaining privileges to Nonconformists. This wise decision called forth the strong approbation of the Liberal press in England, as well as of the enlightened Roman Catholics in Ireland. Did the so-called Liberal Government express the same satisfaction? Far from it. The Chief Secretary for Ireland has a very different policy. It is originated by the old gentleman who can oust him and his Irish colleagues from their seats. It is echoed by the Dublin priest who writes to the *Times*. Their objection is speciously worded. The change proposed will not satisfy *the people of Ireland*. What people? Is it the ignorant masses who have no voice or utterance save through Cardinal Cullen and his priests? They neither ought to have, nor have they, any opinion whatever on the matter. Is it the educated Catholics? They have declared themselves (so far as they dare) perfectly satisfied. Who, then, is this people of Ireland? The priests and the Ultramontane press. What do they want? It is cloaked in the House and in the *Times* under the specious phrases of "perfect equality" and of "religious education." It is expressed plainly, and with unblushing effrontery, by the Ultramontane press of Dublin. They want to pull down the University of Dublin, and strip it of its revenues: first, simply because they think it rich and respectable; secondly, because they can never hope to control the education within its walls. Will not the great Liberal party in England help us to fight our battle, and support us in the hour of danger? For the danger is near and great. If the reader doubts it, let him remember that the great body of the Irish members owe their seats not to Liberal constituents, but to the priests of the Church of Rome.

¹ The following statistics are worth knowing. We have seen that of the class entering in 1867-8, fifty per cent. lived (partly at least) in Dublin. In the class keeping its third year at the same time, I find that 171 kept terms. Of these, 102 attended lectures of some sort; in other words, sixty per cent., and this class had not arrived at the time for attending Divinity lectures.

² The habit of sending boys to English schools, and afterwards to the English universities, not for the sake of a better education (a plea never attempted), but that they may graft an English accent upon their brogue, and gain fashionable acquaintances among the English aristocracy—this habit is justly made a subject of bitter complaint by the national party in Ireland. Young men educated in such a way not only injure the country by the extravagant habits which they import, but by returning as strangers, and by becoming permanent absentees, as soon as they obtain their estates. The Conservative gentry will yet repent them bitterly for having put such a weapon into the hands of their opponents.